

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

MARCH, 1858.

ART. I.—THE WATER CURE.

1. *The Metropolis of the Water Cure ; or, Records of a Water Patient at Malvern, &c.* By a Restored Invalid. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1858.
2. *The Water Cure : its Principles and Practice. A Guide to the Preservation of Health and Cure of Chronic Disease.* By James Wilson, M.D., Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. Third Edition. London: Trübner. Malvern: H. Lamb. 1857.
3. *The Water Cure in Chronic Disease.* By James Manby Gully, M.D., Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. Fifth Edition. London: Churchill. Malvern: H. Lamb. 1856.

THE lively little book named at the head of this article, though last published, is a non-professional work, and, therefore, will best serve as the basis of the few remarks which our experience may warrant our making on the Water Cure, its professors, and their patients. The doctors are beyond our criticism, seeing they address, or ought to address, the medical profession rather than the public ; for though the clever volumes on the Water Cure above named, are written by doctors with a view to popularize the philosophy of their methods, and to persuade the chronic sick, if they can afford it, to come to them and be cleansed of their peccancies, yet they profess to treat the matter altogether on physiological principles, which they interpret in their own manner, and for their own purposes, and which, therefore, can only be fairly and fully discussed by those who have made physiology, in relation to disease and remedy, their study. We would, however, observe that the titles of both

Dr. Gully's and of Dr. Wilson's works, so far show an agreement between the doctors as that they seem to limit the virtue of the water treatment to the cure of *chronic diseases*; that is to say, such maladies as admit of slow methods of meeting them: for, as Abernethy used to say, "chronic diseases require chronic remedies." If the wise propounders of hydropathy, at Malvern and elsewhere, succeed in proving the advantage which the Water Cure possesses over any other mode of treating chronic disease, it will, of course, be best done by curing those who are its subjects, and, therefore, they are right in so constructing their books as to persuade such sufferers to resort to their establishments. But a very different style of presenting the subject is desirable to the profession, and we devoutly wish that qualified men would honestly and scientifically gather up the facts that are accessible, both in relation to the various modes of applying water in hydropathic establishments, and to the results as affecting the physiological peculiarities of given cases. We believe that the medical profession would be thankful for such a work; but the practitioners most interested in learning the relative value of remedies are too urgently engaged, even if they had the inclination, to plod through the learned wastes of hydrology, for the sake of becoming acquainted with the facts scattered through them, and which, when found, would perhaps not always be found worthy of note. Wanting this really scientific testimony from suitable, that is, from scientific pens, the next best testimony is that afforded by those who have submitted themselves to the thing itself, and are capable of describing the actualities of their own experience. We, therefore, revert with satisfaction to the records of the water patient at the "Metropolis of the Water Cure," since his book is at least pleasant reading, and abounds in sketchy pictures of hydropathic life, touched with a master hand, and well worth looking at, notwithstanding the hurry and indiscretion here and there brought to the surface. Though a small book, there is in it plenty both of partiality and of prejudice mixed up with more agreeable ingredients. The object of the writer being to eulogize hydropathy, all that can commend the system is skillfully introduced in the midst of highly coloured descriptions, off-hand sketches of persons and places, snatches of legendary lore, and all about Malvern, and whatever can be fancied as existing in it, or seen from its beacon heights. It is ostensibly written by one who has experienced the benefit of the pure air and water of the place, together with all the advantages of kindly skill in the presiding doctor. Here we have an overtasked mind released and at play, as if conscious that nerves and muscles might be safely permitted to act at their own

sweet will, provided the duty of douche, or what not, were first fulfilled, and the due proportion of the pearly draught from the pure spring were appropriated to its purifying and exhilarating work within that truly hydraulic machine—the patient's body. The writer knows well how to observe and to depict, but, like a man under the influence of the laughing gas, which, by-the-bye, seems to be the common air of popular writers, he betrays a disposition to laugh somewhat too much, and sometimes in the wrong place. The good man, however, is in earnest, even to enthusiasm, and he cannot help it; but he needs a friend to steady his movements, as by some means his aptitude has a tendency to run into extravagance, passing from side to side with unbecoming readiness, and verging on the extreme in both directions, precisely when he assures us that he is taking the most sober view possible of things before him. Thus, with a right good will, he praises hydropathy because he has emerged from it with advantage himself, and with equal heartiness he abuses doctors and dignities in general, forgetful that it was a diplomatized doctor that cured him. This particular doctor having contributed to relieve him of a malady arising out of acknowledged bad habits, he vituperates those who had no chance of curing him, first, for the sufficient reason that he did not consult them; and secondly, because if he had consulted them he could not have relinquished his bad habits until committed to a system of treatment which, as a *sine quâ non*, enforced their relinquishment. The bad habits we mean, are those which are only less injurious in their consequences than the more degrading vices. The patient had driven sleep from his brain and strength from his muscles, by pertinaciously, if not ambitiously, exciting his nerves to excite other minds, when he knew he ought to have sought repose. He confesses he often did not get to bed till three or four in the morning, and yet was busy all day, and then wondered that his life-spring lost its tone, his brain its force, and his heart its energy. This is a specimen of much of the malady that comes under the water-doctors' management. Of course Malvern and the doctor genius of the stream duly get all the credit; and most deservedly too, for have not the doctor and the other *genii loci* diverted the sufferer from himself and his dunning thoughts, by invigorating novelties in the form of bracing baths, wholesome diet, free fresh air, pure water, and exercise with a meaning soul in it, where the voice of Hope is heard mingling with that of the lark, cheerily singing from heaven's gate,—

“Up with me! up with me! into the sky.”

Doubtless thus our author found the rest and health he never

could have found in town, nor in the country either, if permitted to take all his load of thoughts with him, and to doctor himself at his own leisure, and with a pill-box and a phial at his own command; for without constraint almost equal to that experienced in a lunatic asylum, it is impossible to make a man of strong will, persisting ideas, and anxious heart, cast aside his cares and take the course suited to ensure his improvement, just because he may not have quite his own way. Our author gets all his nerve-powers engaged in a healthy manner, and, as a result, improves all his faculties; but then the "poor worn-down captain of the quill," as he styles himself, wisely gave the mind-energies of his brain a regular exercising while he invigorated his muscles, and thus he bettered the whole man, at the same time having an eye to the business of his calling by pre-meditating this smart little book. While favouring his friends with highly descriptive and equally discursive epistles, he was considering how much towards the matter of a half-crown book could be folded under a penny stamp. He was literally turning a penny while regaling their fancies with word-pictures, portraying the horrors of being "abreibunged" in a dripping sheet at five in the morning, and describing the bliss of being sent to run about that partial paradise, Malvern, after being rubbed into a glowing delirium by a man hard and imperturbable enough to inflict the tortures of the Inquisition. Perchance the hope of constructing a telling book not a little contributed to the success of the watering. We hope the reward of his effort will satisfy his expectation, for, doubtless, he did well to state, as pleasantly as he might, what he knew, by happy experience, of the inmates, managers, and management of Townsend House. We wish, however, that with all the good he got there for his money, he had also got a little more wisdom and charity; for, while applauding to the full the lucky mode of his shrewd water-doctor, he somewhat malignantly regards all those practitioners who happen to believe that nature furnishes other agencies for the cure of disease besides water. He includes medical men in general amongst the class of "mystery men" (as described by Catlin in his "North American Indians"), who agonize, harlequinade, pasquinade, and make antics before high Heaven to propitiate the clouds and the rain-gods. He says:—

"They have no acquaintance with the *laws* of disease. Symptoms are not to them what they are to a man of real knowledge—the interpretation of states; they cannot get *beyond* the symptom. All their prescriptions terminate in the symptom."—(P. 33.) "Suppose we could write the history of medicine for the last fifty years—suppose we could chronicle the deeds of all the doctors during that

period, the history of the millions who have been pushed into their graves, when knowledge, such as a savage has, would have saved them; humanly speaking, of all who have died of fever and inflammation, how many ought to have died?"

—and so on. Now is there not a spice of maliciousness in this, besides a "plentiful lack" of knowledge? Doubtless the restored invalid is a knowing man; let him say then whether the knowledge of the savages could save the best of them—for instance, the Mandan Indians—from extermination by disease? And let him consider how it has come to pass, that during the very fifty years he specifies, the value of life has doubled, though the number of trained medical men has increased more than two-fold in proportion to the population? Does he know how many *ought* to die of fever and inflammation under different modes of treatment? Or can he state from any statistics, how many *would* have died had there been no medicine in existence but Cold Water? Our author betrays the fact that he hates medical men in general; and that apparently for no other reason than that he was not wise enough to employ a man of common sense and right feeling as his own domestic doctor. Thus he says, after enumerating the supposed mischiefs of medicaments, "all these high misdemeanours against humanity have been sanctioned by colleges of physicians and surgeons. The truth is, medical science [?] finds itself perfectly posed. What can it do? Why, it has itself tipped with poison the dart with which fever was preparing to strike its victim." "I do not wish to be impertinent and abusive." No, of course not; but, whatever the wish may be, here comes the abuse—"Well, well, I can speak what I know. *I have not had much to do with medical men; I have not liked the breed well enough.*"

"We know [*we know otherwise*] the medical men who attend our cottages have, generally speaking, the hardest hearts and the emptiest heads, in the profession—numbskulls. I am by no means incorrect in saying that they are the representatives of the profession!"—P. 119.

* So then it appears this disparagement of the profession is a contempt amounting to hatred, because the members thereof are supposed to be a breed of beings inferior to that of this professor of humanity, who combines in his own person such a rich abundance both of theology and physic, as to expound and explain equally well in either. But even supposing medical men not to be of the same kind of flesh and blood, life and soul, as this restored invalid, yet why this hatred? He relents, he is conscious he has too strongly expressed himself, for he adds, "I have many friends among them I highly esteem, but I never had a medical man beneath my roof but he came as a curse." Thus in a breath he

tells his sweet friends, his highly esteemed friends, that he knows little about them practically, but that to have one of them in his house would be to admit a curse. We suspect that the invalid is still bilious, and rather jaundiced, at least in his intellect, for he persists in declaring that men who devote their lives to the observance of disease are less likely to understand the *laws* of disease than stray geniuses who have never enjoyed the advantages of preliminary training to prepare them to observe individual symptoms, and to trace their connexion with normal and abnormal physiological processes. Is such a crude conclusion compatible with the facts accumulated by scientific, observant, and conscientious men, who for more than three thousand years have laboured to discriminate between facts and fallacies, and who have left on record the results of their experience? There are fools and rogues in all professions, for unfortunately it is too true that libraries and abundant opportunities of learning, and even practical intimacy with the secrets of nature, do not make a man a philosopher, any more than acquaintance with Divine doctrines makes a Christian; but yet he is a philosopher or a Christian in his own esteem only, who despises the advantages of such knowledge. It requires indeed something besides, and far above, a loaded memory to constitute a practical physician; it requires a talent capable of perceiving the relation of facts to each other, and a tact to apply them; in short it needs a commanding mind, that, like a skilful general, shall be well acquainted with the forces at his disposal, and ready to use them to the greatest advantage against an enemy accustomed to appear in a thousand varied forms. Is not training available to the end desired? and is it not most devoutly to be wished that the talent to be so employed should be tested as far as possible previous to the final trial of actual experience? Surely; and therefore it has become a demand in this, the most practical country in the world, that medical students should really be subjected to more difficult and searching examinations than those to which the aspirants of any of the other learned professions, as such, are required to submit; and hence, too, it arises that no body of men exhibit more practical skill, or more devotion to the public good, than our physicians and surgeons, and general practitioners; none are more benevolent; none expose themselves to greater risks and inconveniences; none are usually worse paid, and none are less honoured in proportion to their usefulness. They are, indeed, from their knowledge and practical habits of mind, peculiarly sceptical of all undemonstrated pretension; but still so far are they from positively repudiating all novel treatment and advancement, that they, like other men, are naturally prone

to the danger of taking up new methods of cure without always waiting for sufficient evidence in their favour, and that simply because the quackery that is apt to trust to too slender and individual an experience, is natural to man; since a new hope is ever more lively than an old one, and we are all hoping to find the philosopher's stone until we learn that the universal medicine is made up of all the ingredients of the universe. Science is the knowledge of the properties of things, and medical science is the knowledge and application of the properties of things in relation to the vital functions. Hence scientific legalized medical practitioners are required to avoid all pretension to the possession of any curative secrets as peculiarly their own; because true science is truth, and reserves no secrets, and has no arcana, no private interpretations, but is open to all who have the wit or the wisdom to look into her treasures.

Why is it that all the colleges granting medical diplomas to their examined graduates, demand that these should with solemn oath or asseveration declare that they will practise honourably and openly, and make no pretension to the possession of any secret remedy? Why is it but that science forbids concealment, and repudiates the degradation of making a money profit out of any presumed superiority as respects that knowledge which should be equally the property of all? Of course the test of any new thing in science, especially in medicine, requires time and something more; it requires to be subjected to the scrutiny of scientific minds at large—minds intimate with the profundities of physiology and pathology—minds endowed with power to detect the differences existing amongst resemblances. Thus have been tested the discoveries of Harvey and Jenner, and many others, who never thought of repudiating the colleges of physicians, because some among their *socii* were too blind or too stupid to perceive the claims to attention which a new phase of science presented; for it was, after all, those colleges themselves that acknowledged and honoured those claims, and stamped them with validity. Now let us suppose ten medical men going to Malvern to study hydropathy under Gully, Wilson, Grindrod, and the rest. They soon discover that water, under the management of these mighty men, has great power to modify the condition of patients; some get well, some get worse, pretty much as they expected from their own experience in the use of other powerful agencies. Perhaps they see a greater power of adaptation in the use of this agency to particular cases, than their reading or their practice had led them to anticipate, but they also see that the water establishments are in no respect like hospitals, in that instead of all kinds of cases being taken

in, it is only those having a chronic character, and that need no especial nursing. But what a difference this to any public or private practice properly called medical. "Why," say these *medici*, "if we or our hospital *confrères* had no patients likely soon to die, and only those who could bear the baths whether of water or hot air, and pay from five to ten guineas a week for amusement, wholesome food, fine air, agreeable company, and the exhilarating accompaniment of faith-inspiring evidence that nobody died there except by accident, because no forlorn hopes were admitted by the very pleasant doctor, how vastly the number of our cures would be multiplied." All the supposed ten aforesaid are ready to exclaim: "Oh! if we could but introduce all the external advantages of the Malvern Retreats to our patients, especially to the toiling and despairing poor who crowd into the dirty lanes, close alleys, and undrained back settlements of city civilization, how different would be the weekly records of mortality! When the *res angustæ domi*, in all senses, can be met by hydropathists in our homes, then indeed their mode of practice may supersede drugs and drug-doctors with success equal to the boasted achievements of their best professors. Then, probably, instead of a million children every seven years being, in London alone, thrust out of life within twelve months of its commencement, infant death would be as it ought to be, an exceptional occurrence. The mortality of children is far more frightful in Manchester, Ashton, Preston, Leeds, and such places, than in the metropolis. Is it the apothecary that kills them? No; he seldom sees them till their mothers expect them to die, and the vast majority die without the aid of any other medicines than those administered by mothers. Bring hydropathic auxiliaries into street, and lane, and dark den practice, say ye, O Malvern doctors? Would we could, even though thereby the doctor's bill were reduced to nothing, and drugs and doctors become as extinct as dodos. If the disciples of Priessnitz only help on sanitary improvements, and show us the way to liberate souls and bodies from turmoil, dirt, misery, and foulness, then indeed we would, could, should, or might throw 'physic to the dogs,' and take ourselves to happier courses than trying to stem the torrent of corruption with instructions to accomplish the impossible." Now of the ten aforesaid, all agree that water is a good thing, but it may be that only some odd one of them sees how he may make a good thing of it for himself. He is a man of enterprise, and employs his diploma as only a part of his stock in trade. He gets up a private joint-stock company, having faith in the powers of pure water and simplicity; and then on his own terms, or as a partner in the firm, obtains the appointment of

physician in chief to the grand establishment, which of course is situated amidst inviting hills and valleys, noted for good water and fine air, and if in the neighbourhood of a holy well, so much the better.

The breezy and imposing house and land being secured, an equally imposing book is also prepared, rendering it the public's own fault if everything worth its knowing about life and nerve-force in relation to douches, packings, "abreibungen," baths, exercise, water tipple, pure air, early prayers, and skin matters, be not as palpable to that public's understanding as that the three corners of an equilateral triangle are equal to one another.

So this one out of the ten cleverly and meritoriously gets a good reputation and a large fortune, by directing the purification of retired aldermen, and other ornamental members of society, while the other nine return to their private and conscientious toils, and get abused for doing their very best, though they do verily endeavour with all their might to commend the use of pure air and good water, and entreat those who will persist in being chronically diseased from bad habits of business, or what not, to try Malvern and its "abreibungen;" that murder sleep, if nothing else, at five in the morning, and make a man with any nerves and muscles glad to run.

That hydropathists of sound principles perceive that their system is not capable of superseding regular practice, we learn from their seeking to show the profession that it is "perfectly compatible with the legitimate scope of the profession and harmonious co-operation." Thus Dr. Grindrod expresses himself, who also says that he "maintains a friendly intercourse and professional union with the medical attendants of many of his patients, and not a few of whom are sent to him by metropolitan and other physicians, equally distinguished for the depth of their learning and the extent of their practice." A sufficient proof this, were any wanted, that learned physicians are not so very prejudiced and indisposed to test the Water Cure, as our Restored Invalid so insultingly asserts.

We think our Restored Invalid has caught a spirit far beneath him as a Christian and a man of genius, when, like the hacks of the Morisonian and other quack pretensions, he writes evil of men of whom he confesses he is practically ignorant. How is it that a Christian gentleman, warm-hearted and poetical, should bring himself to calumniate a profession, which for conscience, practical knowledge, benevolence, general usefulness, and common sense, is quite as remarkable as that which occupies the pulpit?

He knows, or ought to know, by this time, that he has fallen

into a perverse state of mind, because Providence has brought disappointment to some of his early, fond, or foolish hopes, in medical possibilities, not justified by his small experience. He has committed a mistake, but it is a mean mistake; for medical men are by their very position excluded from rebutting the abuse which an anonymous writer, however clever, may think proper in the fits of his fine frenzy to pour out upon them. He calls even the best of them—for he speaks of no exceptions—bamboozlers and pasquinaders, simply because they trust in the evidence of their own practices for defence, all universal quackeries notwithstanding. Thus, he takes umbrage at the circumstance that physicians write prescriptions in what he calls, as if from sheer ignorance, “cabalistic hieroglyphy.” Now, so far are these brief formulæ from being of a cabalistic character, invented to promote wonder, and practised for purposes worthy only of the basest charlatanry, that they operate in precisely the opposite manner, since they serve to give a permanent and fixed meaning to the language of pharmacy, and enable the eye at once to catch the whole of each line usually containing the distinct name of an authorized form of preparation, and showing, by an almost unmistakeable sign, the quantity intended. As brevity is the soul of wit, because it conveys a quick and, therefore, strong impression of an apt idea, so brevity in expressing scientific thought aids the instant and clear reception of that thought; and on the same principle that chemical symbols are invented to avoid a cumbersome mode of demonstration, so abbreviature in prescribing has arisen from its felt practical advantage, both to him who reads and him who writes. That it does not serve to conceal, and is not intended to “bamboozle” simpletons, is evident enough, from the fact, that any druggist’s lad in the kingdom, who knows the names of the medicines in the shop, is able to read and to dispense the most learned prescriptions of regular physicians. And as to the use of Latin names and set phrases, where shall we find a fitter language? Let each prescriber write in full, according to his own aptitude in employing his mother tongue, yet where shall he find English names of drugs and chemicals that shall everywhere have the same fixed and determinate meaning, such as the language of science always and everywhere conveys to the scientific mind?

Does the Restored Invalid sneer at the College of Physicians simply because his favourite M.D.’s have not the license of that body?

We will inquire why? The legalized credentials certainly would not impair any physician’s *status* in society, and would afford a proof that the test of examination, which in the laws of

the land is contemplated, had not been too conveniently avoided. The bye-laws of the College of Physicians do not oblige its members to write their prescriptions in Latin; but they do require that every licentiate of that body should append the name of the patient, the date, and his initials, to every prescription, in order that the responsibility as to its correctness should rest upon the prescriber, and indicate that he aims at no concealment, and makes no mystery of his science.

In contravention of the outcry raised by all innovators, we venture to assert that no great improvements in relation to the art of preserving or restoring health have ever been effected by any but educated medical men. Is Priessnitz an exception? We grant that he, with a fine natural instinct and a noble tact, applied cold water within and without, thereby curing a great variety of obstinate and chronic maladies, with a success worthy the boldness of his genius; but the power of water to cure numerous diseases was not his discovery, for it had been known and applied long before that fine peasant recalled the attention of the learned to its virtues. It had been used with more prudent modifications and appliances than he could master from time immemorial, as, for instance, by the *medici* of Rome, as we learn from Celsus. We have now before us a *tractate* (8th ed. 1726) by Dr. Hancocke, D.D., entitled "Febrifugum Magnum; or, Common Water the best Cure for Fevers, and probably for the Plague," &c.; another, of the same date, from France, extolling the curative virtues of water, and quoting Avicenna, Rhases, Hippocrates, &c., &c., in its favour; and a third entitled "Morbifugum Magnum" (1726), proving that cold water cures every disease. Hoffmann's universal medicine was cold water; and Dr. Wall, a hundred years ago, cured inveterate maladies, at Malvern too, by the free application of water within and without. More recently, Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, published a multitude of experiments, which demonstrated the undeniable advantage of using water freely, both internally and externally, in all febrile affections. And as to inflammation, the irrigating mode, as it was called, that is, the constant application of water, was very generally advocated by surgeons, as the best means of subduing heat and tumefaction, long before the untoward word *hydropathy* was invented. Now is it to be supposed that such facts were unknown to the profession in general? Certainly not; the theory and practice of the Water Cure have been again and again tested, and after the fullest discussion and the most obstinate defence, been found wanting in the treatment of disease under ordinary conditions. A mode of managing fevers and inflammations, however, now prevails in general

practice, which probably the discussion of the Water Cure may to a degree have assisted to establish; for it is founded, as indeed all true medicine must be, on the discovery of the safest and most natural means of aiding nature in her efforts to overcome impediments to the fulfilment of her normal functions. But there are causes as well as consequences to be met and to be considered; so that it may be fairly asked whether hydropathists pretend to assert that water alone does present all the inherent qualities demanded in the treatment of specific maladies? Whatever pure water may accomplish, by way of removing from the body that which it ought to cast off because it does not belong to it, of course, pure water cannot supply any of the solid materials which may be wanting in that body, water being only a medium, and a menstruum, and a vehicle for conveying the elements of life into their places, and of deporting them in new combinations, when their office has been fulfilled; so that a perpetual supply of these materials may be kept up, on whose changes—like those of the coal and the water in the locomotive—the maintenance of vital force and activity depends. Diet must supply these, say the water doctors. Doubtless; and so say all doctors; but the pathologist, who understands anything of the chemistry of life and physiology, knows that the very essence of medical art consists in detecting what is wanting, and exhibiting *that* in the most convenient and most convertible manner, whether as physic or as food. If the water-doctors exercise the same discernment, it is well; but then if they are calculating what physical ingredients may be best conveyed to the blood that demands them, they are not positively depending on pure water as the only medicine, but making medicine of the aliments administered, which, of course, all physicians acknowledge to be a good method of treatment where it can be efficiently followed. But can it be pursued in all cases of disease? That is the question to which the experience of all ages answers No! Hydropathic establishments now subserve the same convenient purposes that Bath and the other fashionable watering-places answered under the old *régime*; they are the retreats of chronic invalidism, whether induced by business, luxury, abuse, or ignorance; and though hydropathic practitioners repudiate all mineral waters, they can scarcely exhibit larger lists of marvellous cures than those presented under the authority of “the faculty,” in the manuals published wherever “the waters” have been brought into note enough to attract a sufficient number of dowagers and others equally endowed. Now it must not be imagined that because pure water is put forth as the simple, the safe, the universal, and the only

remedy, that, therefore, water alone is really the only remedial agency resorted to in hydropathic houses. No; science has come to the help of Priessnitz, and where he boldly cured or boldly killed, and knew not why and cared not wherefore, science now, by the assistance of Drs. Gully, Wilson, Grindrod, and many other really most skilful physicians, shows how this and that results from water working *with* the life or *against* it. But then these scientific hydropathists apply all known appropriate appliances and medical memorabilia. Thus, the library of our Restored Invalid's friend, Dr. Grindrod, proved to the invalid's satisfaction that the Doctor was—as we fully believe he is—a philosophical physician; for there the new comer saw the works of the most highly reputed allopathic physicians, together with a lancet-case, the stethoscope, the dry cupping-glass, the inhaler, the weighing machine, the microscope, chemical tests for morbid deposits, the *spirometer*, or breath-measurer, and an instrument to take the height of patients, because it is proved that there is a pretty invariable proportion between the breathing capacity and the height of a man of sound lungs. Moreover, beside the spirometer stands a machine by which, the patient having poor blood, or blood abounding in carbon, and in need of more vital air than he can obtain by the exercise and water he may take, is enabled to *swallow oxygen*. And if the nerve-power of the sufferer creeps inefficiently through his muscles, here, also, is the galvanic apparatus, to excite and accelerate the vital current. But above all in direct efficiency, is that mighty auxiliary, the lamp-bath, which, as perhaps a novelty to most of our readers, we take the liberty of describing, or rather its effects, in the somewhat unrefined language of our author:—

“Persons who know nothing about the Water Cure, or treatment, have an idea that a sponge, and a plunge, and a draught of cold water, include all that can be done in and with the new system. How surprised they would be to see a list of the various modes of treatment, and the adaptations of hot, and cold, and tepid, and the various baths, different in heat and in force, and especially how surprised they would be in beholding a lamp bath. It is a bath, I know, of remarkable power and efficacy in the cases to which it is especially applicable. How shall I describe the process to you? There is nothing so likely to draw the gravy out of a man as the lamp bath; it is for all the world like putting a fat goose before a slow fire; it makes the bird sweat again. We had, and have still here, a London alderman—you know what a London alderman is generally. This man was purse-proud and belly-proud; the size of the one had increased in consequence of the size of the other. He was a consequential puffy bladder of lard, blowing and grunting like a grampus, with a very horrible mucous membrane, troubled with congestion of

the brain, and I am sure he was troubled with congestion of the stomach. Well, he is here, stomach out of order, brain out of order, liver out of order. How is such a man to be treated? The other day, in passing out of my bath-room, I saw him seated on a throne, his head rising up in all its bald, ruddy, Olympian grandeur, out of a mighty pyramid of blankets and sheets. He was merely sitting down in a chair, beneath which was placed a spirit-lamp, the sheets and blankets so hung round him as to keep out all the air, and he was perspiring freely, I do assure you. Never did the big drops stand on the brow of guilty malefactor more heavily than on the face and forehead of our poor suffering alderman, perfectly helpless, dependent on the bath-man to wipe his brow, the perspiration streaming from him in torrents. You know what it is to be running fast to catch the train, finding yourself just a moment too late. You know what it is to be caught upon your knees paying your adoration to a young lady, when a third party pops into the room, 'begs pardon, and did not know that you were there.' And then, you must recollect, that after the pores have been opened, and the rich unctuous, and oily drops of our spermaceous alderman have exuded, he is at once requested to leap into a full cold-water bath, and thus a new and healthful glow is imparted to the skin, the perspiration is arrested, and an energy and balance is given to the system, the treatment of which none but those who have suffered and have been restored can form any clear idea. None of our cold-water practitioners, however, must claim the sweat-bath as an invention of their own. Catlin, I think, mentions something very much like it in use among the North American Indian tribes, and an account of something very similar existing among the Laplanders, is recorded so far back as 1681. The process adopted is not quite so pleasant, but the principle is precisely the same."—P. 83.

This lamp-bath is merely a spirit-lamp placed under the clothes surrounding a patient so as to heat the air in contact with his skin; which is thus suddenly exposed, so to say, to a tropical temperature. It was employed by several medical men during the earliest incursions of the terrible cholera; but we remember it was found on the whole rather injurious than otherwise. Our author adds what he calls "a lamp tragedy;" which may serve as a warning and to show that it is not always safe, even in a case of aldermanic congestion:—

"Funny stories are told of the consequences attending the lamp-bath, and its misfortunes, or rather the occasional misfortunes attending its unhappy victims. I have just heard of an event in one establishment somewhat disastrous to the party—whom I can scarcely call the patient—although no less laughable to others to whom the disaster was merely a spectacle. The bath-man of the establishment, having a number of patients under his care, went from room to room to administer the several baths, after having placed a gentleman in the lamp-bath, firmly fixed in his chair of state, and the spirit set on fire. He was attending to his other subjects, and pro-

bably called to some distant part of the house. From what cause I cannot tell, whether the patient became restless and upset the lamp or tin, I cannot say, but the clothes took fire, and the situation of the unfortunate invalid became hotter than was desired either by him or the doctor. Loud were the cries for help. Some neighbouring patients, packed tightly in their wet sheets, and consequently helpless, were disposed to render assistance; but not being aware of the extent of the mischief, and, I suppose, fancying that he exaggerated the state of his case, were equally loud in their jokes and consolations. But it was no joke to the patient, who was so scorched in the nether regions as to be laid up for some weeks before he was able to be cured of the effects of the accident."—P. 84.

We see, then, that the so-called hydropathy is rather a misnomer, since the treatment included under that name is not altogether a watery suffering, as the term would really imply; but that fire and water combine their potent agencies in hydropathic establishments, besides many other appliances which the curative profession has always advocated as most energetic in so altering the disordered functions of the body, as under wise direction, greatly to contribute to the restoration of health. The Restored Invalid says some pertinent things on health:—

"You should remember that *injustice to any one part of the frame is felt by sympathy with every other part of your animal household, Health is, as I have before said, in equilibrium.* If you unduly tax any one power or portion of the frame, you do it at the expense of the health and strength of some other portion. Look at a person with weak lungs, but large mental powers. Alas! alas! and this person *will* read, *will* think. The poor lungs say, 'We are very weak; take us out for a walk to-day.' The brain says, 'My dear, hold your tongue; I want to read this book.' The lungs say, 'We feel very hungry; you know, we did not have our fair proportion of blood yesterday; you, dear brain, you took not only your own portion, but a large proportion of ours. Oh, now do pay us back to-day.' 'My dear lungs,' says the brain, 'I must master this section of chemistry to-day.' 'Ah, to-day,' say the lungs, 'we feel weaker than ever; really you do take so much work. Dear brain, you do require so much looking after, I am quite fagged and exhausted, and alas! I am very sorry to say it, but there is the lower portion of my right lung; I have not been able to send any blood to it at all, and it is getting very dangerous, very weak. Now, to-day throw aside the books; just let us take a gentle walk together.' 'Pooh! pooh!' says the brain, 'I am in a most delightful reverie.'"

After enlarging somewhat insultingly on the sympathy of the skin and the rest, he thus triumphs over the sad scamps—doctors in general:—

"It is also another great thing that a course of water-treatment usually routs out all the congealed and compacted abominations

which medicine has left in the system, as when a new tenant, cleanly and well-disposed, enters into a house which has been occupied by some disorderly dirty slovens, who have left the evidences of their carelessness or their filthiness over the whole house—the floors are washed, a new mucous membrane is put upon the walls (for your wall-paper is very like your mucous membrane), your garden is dislodged of all its filthy reservoirs and aggregations, the whole household economy is made to assume a new appearance beneath the hydropathic superintendence of bucket and broom. Even so it is when the new tenant Hydropathy dislodges the old tenant Allopathy. *I have seen the compresses and sheets stained and fetid with medicine taken years ago.* People who have undergone a course of mercury years since have it routed out of their constitution beneath the all-powerful compulsion of water. ‘Be off, sir; you have no business here.’ Where morbid matter exists, there it is instantly dislodged, and the whole town of Mansoul is as jolly and as glad as in the old days of Bunyan, when King Shadai took possession. You know there are many diseases which have their origin in the lodgment of what are called medicines in different parts of the system. Mercury has been found in the brain, muscles, and bones; lead in the liver, muscles, and spinal marrow; and copper in the liver. Here is a pretty company to invite to a guest-chamber.”

The term *allopathy* is not applicable to the practice of general medicine, since its principle is not to treat disease by what may produce merely another disorder, but by whatever experience teaches as to the means of subduing that which exists. The absurdity of all these last quotations is delicious; how should we prize, as a rare curiosity, some of the mercury or fetid medicine that had lodged in the brain of our author! We know that many hydropathic practitioners, while employing all the helps that water can bring towards recovering health, do not scruple to employ medicines, and we also know that many patients of those who refuse to resort to such assistance have suffered severely and dangerously for want of it. Dr. Wilson, also a Malvern water-doctor, with characteristic good sense, says in his preface, “We cannot altogether dispense with medicines; they are, in certain cases, a great aid and indispensable.” With this understanding the Water Cure commends itself to common sense, and, doubtless it will find its proper place in rational medicine; but that any system will speedily blot out the pharmacopœias from the records of science is not very likely, since they are the growth of three thousand years’ experience. The water nymph is not the goddess of health; she is only one of her handmaids, for she has a very numerous train, who gather simples in the dewy morn, and collect healing influences from all the elements at her bidding. The scientific management of the body, whether diseased or in health, resolves itself into

the proper use of whatever power resides in the body ; and, of course, implies appropriate food, and pure air and water, a due temperature, together with rest and action, according to condition, and whatever may help to ensure the production of good blood, that is, blood that shall contain all the elements required for the perpetual renewal of every organ of the body, while, at the same time, supplying the materials necessary for the maintenance of vital warmth and nerve action by the processes of breathing in immediate relation to the circulation of the blood, and the evolution of all the secretions. Health is mainly preserved by that amount of exercise, both of mind and muscle, which may excite function without exhausting power, and predispose to that nerve-rest, which peaceful sleep and satisfied appetite secures by withdrawing the mind from the demands of the body. The Water Cure, as conducted by scientific physicians, such as those we have already named, certainly affords just that measure and variety of employment and diversion, which, while giving motive for action, imparts an interest sufficient, so far as the patient in all his movements is doing, or supposed to be doing, something for himself, of great value, that is, he is helping himself to recover health. In the ordinary run of chronic disorders we cannot imagine any method more to the purpose. Mental unrest and dissatisfaction, or a sense of inability to meet the demands of business, duty, or of social claim, is a main cause of the chronic invalid's nervous depression, and it greatly tends to keep up that state of brain which, by interfering with the regular distribution of nerve-force, disturbs all the functions and perpetuates the disorder. There is a spell upon all the powers of both soul and body, and the first step to breaking this spell is removal from every person and thing accustomed to claim attention. A new order of action is at once attained, and this action, because it is new, is mental rest ; and we know how justly a certain kind of mental repose is deemed indispensable to the success of medical treatment, not only by hydropathy, but by all physicians. Without it the pearly stream of the holiest well will reflect the image of the pilgrim who seeks the shrine of health in vain ; his cheek will only appear more and more wrinkled as he looks into the fountain, for the sunbeam that there dances with the dimpling waters imparts no healing virtue to their moving except for those who come led on alike by rosy Hope and holy Quiet. The anxious mind is one of the worst forms of *bad habit* ; it more than any other deadens what Dr. Wilson aptly calls the body-conscience, for a man carrying a load of care has enough to do with his burden, and is scarcely sensible of the duties of the body as such, or capable of giving due heed to their fulfil-

ment. Too often it is care of some kind that drives the patient to the water establishment ; but if it haunt him there, all baths, body-poultices, compresses, fomentations, wet sheets, rubbing, and water tippie, together with pure air and duteous exercises on hill or valley, will bring no pleasant light into the eye nor—

“Cleanse the foul bosom of the perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart.”

After all, that is the best medical treatment which secures mental calm while employing means for the removal of physical impediment to the restoration of natural function. Observant practitioners are ever telling us, in one form or another, that home trials and unpropitious states of the feelings and affections are the chief causes of those chronic disorders of the blood and nerve which afflict modern society, and bring opprobrium on the resources of medical science, since they not only cause those ill conditions of the *physique* which directly lead to their own confirmation, but they are generally accompanied by moral disorder and those habits of eating and drinking, and listless endeavours after relief from such unwholesome stimulations both of body and mind as fermented and heated fluids afford. Such habits, together with drugs, bad books, and sickly sympathies and ministrations, that do nothing towards promoting a healthy state of conscience, necessarily prevent any possibility of nature's efforts resulting in the recovery of the equilibrium that has been broken. The bodily self becomes the grand object of morbid attention. It is in such cases that hydropathy as a special mode of medication is most beneficial, and such chiefly are the inmates of hydropathic establishments, as we learn from the Restored Invalid:—

“A great number of the people I see walking about here do not seem to have much the matter with them. The people with whom I sit down to breakfast or dinner, they look like other people ; but the physician knows, and they know, and I have learned to know, the state of a good many. Here are some to whom their nerves are an everlasting rack, an unmitigated and everlasting agony ; some labour under neuralgic attacks ; others in the house are suffering from constipation, or indigestion, whose stomachs are an eternal torture, or whose liver is a constant irritation, and there are some whose lungs are affected. What an anxiety there is about them ! what an anxiety there is within them ! But all these people are like the people in the great world through which we pass ; they wear a mask over their whole face, laugh and eat, are pleased with anything that tends to dissipate their sense of present pain, and produce a mitigation of their case. Here are some who are afflicted with lowness of spirits, to whom life is an everlasting burden. Remote and imaginary evils are always hovering round

them; they have had little business in the great battle of life; the brain has not had enough to do; the nervous system has been inactive; and now, wherever they go, fears are in the way. In their eyes, the slightest pimple is an abscess or tumour; a scratch of the skin will lead to mortification. Fears are always in the way. They dread to walk; very likely have few ideas to quiet their minds, and the few ideas they have turn into giants or Frankenstein ghosts, and crush them. Even to come to a place like this is to such persons a great benefit."—P. 100.

Now, it is evident that he who goes with the most faith and hope to the Malvern doctor is the likeliest to recover, but it is also evident that, could the chronic invalid be induced to break away from his morbid habits of mind by any other means, the success would be equally remarkable; but such persons require strong persuasives—such as the physiological treatises and elaborate advertisements, and attractive pictures, very properly published by hydropathic practitioners. We would, however, that equal efforts were made to remedy those evils of conventional society which are so apt to produce chronic morbid states of blood and nerve; and we cannot but believe from evidence before us that if pulpit ministry was more frequently and consistently directed to the enforcement of social duties and activities, we should witness more of that faith and hope which would cure without the doctor; for is not the common cause of such disorder to be found in the fact that men and women are too ignorant of the natural laws of God to be able to obey them?

Life at Dr. Grindrod's is thus described by the Restored Invalid, and we rather think we should enjoy it:—

"It is very true that this is a life of trifles, and it would not do to last long. I already feel that I long to be back to my book and my pen; but then everything here is devised that can keep the mind *unoccupied*. If any reading at all is indulged in, the doctor prescribes that reading that taxes no thought, and the object in coming to this place is not to medicine the mind, but to renovate the body, and, therefore, for once we have to reverse the injunctions here—some of us at any rate—and to 'give no attendance to reading,' and to keep under the mind, and bring it into subjection."—P. 88.

"I was prepared to expect in coming here rather a short allowance in the provision way. I thought our diet would be much plainer than it is. I find that the doctor maintains a perfectly generous table. We breakfast at half-past eight. Some patients have cocoa, others I see sitting with oatmeal-porridge before them; but the most of us have our ordinary fare of tea, though it goes to my heart to tell you that the doctor has cut down my allowance to two cups, and those not over strong. Then at dinner, which is at two o'clock, we have a well-spread table of good substantial meat in addition to game or poultry. I have not seen a rasher of pork since I have

been here, and I fancy if I stay in Malvern for twelve months, I never shall. After the meat, various puddings, tapioca, sago, bread, and rice, generally rise to the charmed lips of the enamoured spectators. Feeding time over, we disperse until seven o'clock brings us to the re-union at tea. Our doctor appears to be most hospitably inclined, and seldom an evening passes that we do not find two or three, or more, entertaining strangers at the table, sometimes persons of rank, sometimes persons of conversational power, but always persons whose tastes are congenial to the company. The other evening we had Lady P——, a very interesting woman indeed, although she did not say much. I felt an interest in her on account of her active benevolence as the friend of Mrs. Fry, and as the wife of the late Sir John P——, whose energy and benevolence all who have learned to know, have learned to esteem. An evening or two ago, we had Lady M——, and this was an occasion when we had a fine storm of song and talk, lasting in the drawing-room till what would be considered a somewhat late hour. One of the most interesting evenings I have spent here was with Mrs. A——, and I only fear that, from no bad manners of mine, I managed to monopolize with her and Dr. Stevens nearly the whole of the conversation, the central point of which was whether the mind be seated in the brain or in the stomach. What think you of that? All sorts of people look in here; we rub off the rust and the dust of false notions and prejudices most admirably. Methodists, quakers, baptists, independents, and church people; baronets, colonels, captains, tradesmen, merchants, ladies of rank, and ladies who would like to be thought of rank;—I have been in the company of all these, and seen them all together, since I have been here, sitting on the same sofa, chatting over the same book, entering with gusto into the same view or idea. How admirably minds and characters meet together in a place like this.”—(P. 88.) “We are strange people here, and do strange things. This morning I was up on the beacon by seven o'clock; a pretty considerable height, let me tell you; but before I arrived there, I met a gentleman without a hat, his uncombed hair ‘streamed like a meteor to the troubled wind,’ passing to and fro with a glass of water in his hand, which he had been at the trouble of carrying up for the purpose of drinking on the top from St. Anne’s Well. Little Graefenberg glasses are very common here; you can easily put them in your pocket and avail yourself of every spring. Abandonment is the style of living; the more abandoned you are, the more happy, the more likely to find the benefit of the treatment. Upon the whole, all the people here are very abandoned characters; they are compelled to be so. Mercy upon us, how could it be expected that we could wade through all the purgatorial fashionabilities of our truly ridiculous town life? In towns, we pad and puff ourselves up and out, with stocks and neckerchiefs, tight boots, tight pantaloons, fronts which have very properly been denominated hypocrites, and ten thousand little inventions, every one an inversion of the simple teaching of nature. Here, in our house, we have one man who will run about without a hat, and another

never wears braces, and a third will not, if he can possibly help it, mount a neckerchief, and a fourth strives to steer clear of waistcoats; the aim is everywhere to bring back a natural glow, to make the warmth of nature supersede the warmth of clothes."—P. 103.

We learn, then, from the practice of hydropathy an important lesson, namely, that to preserve health, we must preserve the balance of our mental and of our bodily powers by affording them liberty to restore themselves in relaxation from all undue demand. We learn what indeed we all know by instinct or intuition, that an easy life is the likeliest to last, provided we keep a clean conscience as well as a clean skin. We must, in short, do our duty to the body by attending to all its claims upon us, while taking our places in society in such a manner as to be busy for its benefit as well as for our own. Thus shall we best sustain that perpetual motion within us called life, and best preserve the balance of decay and reproduction on which, by a mysterious ordinance, depend health and happiness, so far as bodily machinery and the working of its corresponding mental functions are concerned. Physiologists all confirm the doctrine which our invalid strenuously enforces, as if his own discovery, "*Living things can repair their own injuries.*" That is, of course, provided the injury be not too extensive, and the living thing be supplied with what it needs, and delivered from all obstructions to the natural efforts of the living spirit within it. As we would avoid injury so must we endeavour to obtain what as human beings, with souls as well as bodies, our Maker intends for us; and then we shall be in as fair a way of retaining health if we possess that blessing, or of recovering it when lost, as far as the probationary circumstances of this world of sin and death will allow.

We only add the words of a wise man (Jeremy Taylor): "God is He only that needs no help, and God hath created the physician for thine; therefore, use him temperately without violent confidence; and sweetly, without uncivil distrustings."

ART. II.—ORIENTAL AND WESTERN SIBERIA.

Oriental and Western Siberia: a Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and part of Central Asia. By Thomas Witlem Atkinson. With a Map and numerous Illustrations. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1858.

THE courage, energy, and perseverance of the Anglo-Saxon race have become proverbial. In war, in commerce, in political

and social science, the possession of these qualities has enabled them to surpass all competitors, while in the field of discovery they stand unrivalled. Who but one of that chosen race would have attempted the bold and apparently desperate task of crossing the vast continent of Africa from sea to sea, an enterprise but lately successfully carried out by the gallant Dr. Livingstone? and who, except an Anglo-Saxon, would dream of spending seven long years in the wild regions of Siberia and Chinese Tartary, merely for the purpose of gazing upon what had never before been seen by European eye, and sketching what had never before been sketched by European pencil? Yet this is just what Mr. Atkinson has done, in spite of cold, fatigue, and hunger, and in defiance of the perils of travel amidst unknown mountains, tempest-vexed lakes, raging torrents, and pathless deserts, as well as of those arising from the lawlessness and cupidity of the wild robber-tribes that inhabit the steppes bordering upon the great central desert of Asia. He seems to have possessed rare qualifications for his daring enterprise—of tall stature and great activity, a gallant horseman, an unerring shot with the rifle and the pistol, he was just the man to win the applause and conciliate the regard of the wild spirits among whom he was thrown; and when danger threatened, to confront it with promptitude and vigour. He also enjoyed the great advantage of a special passport from the late Emperor of Russia, which proved a talisman throughout his wide dominions, and swept down every obstacle that barred his progress. Armed with this passport, he travelled, in carriages, on horseback, and in boats, 39,500 miles in the course of his seven years' wanderings; his route extending from Kokhan on the west, to the eastern end of Lake Baikal, and as far south as the Chinese town of Tchín-si, including the immense chain of the Syan-shan, never before seen by any European; as well as a large portion of the western part of the desert of Gobi, over which, six centuries ago, Genghiz Khan marched his wild hordes towards the West. During these seven years, he made 560 sketches of the scenery of Siberia and the hitherto unexplored regions of central Asia, some of which were executed under circumstances of great difficulty and danger—in the tents of the nomad tribes of the Kirghis, among snowy mountains, or on the brink of precipices with a perpendicular depth of 1,500 feet. These sketches furnish the illustrations to the volume before us, which are both numerous and beautiful, and convey a high idea of the peculiarity and grandeur of the lake and mountain scenery, particularly between Siberia and Mongolia. For days and weeks together, Mr. Atkinson was almost entirely dependent for

subsistence on his rifle and fowling-piece; and he gives a tempting account of the double snipes, pheasants, bustards, partridges, blackcock, wild duck, antelopes, deer, and wild boar, that fell victims to his skill. He often travelled, particularly in Mongolia and Chinese Tartary, with a large retinue of Cossacks and Kalmucks, all well armed and prepared for the worst, as was needful while traversing steppes infested by robber tribes, and desperate convicts escaped from the Chinese penal settlements. This armed and numerous following caused Mr. Atkinson to be taken more than once for a powerful robber chief, and his assistance was twice earnestly solicited, and a large share of plunder promised him, if he would join in an expedition against Koubaldos, the most renowned freebooter of the steppes.

Mr. Atkinson's book possesses one great advantage over that of Dr. Livingstone. It is remarkably good in point of style, which is clear, graphic, and forcible. It is also accompanied by an excellent map, upon which the author's wanderings are distinctly marked out. He passes slightly over his journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and presses on towards the less known and more interesting portions of his route. After a fatiguing journey he reached Ekaterineberg, the capital of the Oural, and the centre of its extensive and important mining operations. At the house of a director of mines, in which he had been compelled to take refuge by stress of weather, he met with a rather overpowering specimen of Russian hospitality, which is thus amusingly recorded:—

“In Siberia, each good housewife makes from the wild fruits, of which there is a great variety, several sorts of *nalifka* (cordial). A bottle of this was produced, and a glass of it handed to me; it was the colour of claret, but the flavour vastly superior. I took a second glass to their particular satisfaction; immediately four other bottles of different sorts were ordered in, from all of which I was obliged to drink a ‘wee drap’ during supper; and most delicious nalifkas they were. Finally, as a finish to our repast, my host brought in a bottle of champagne and *two* glasses on a tray, evidently intending that he and I should drink it alone; but here I was forced to disappoint him, for as soon as he had filled a bumper for me, I could not help presenting it to his wife, evidently to her great surprise and pleasure. Another glass was brought for me, and we then very deliberately proceeded to finish the bottle. When this was disposed of, I thought all concluded for the night, but was mistaken; my hostess left the room, returning with other varieties, all of which she insisted on my tasting; this with them means finishing a glass; I had no sooner taken one than she had another ready. At last I got through the tasting process, or, at least, supposed that I had. But judge my astonishment, when my host walked in with another bottle of cham-

pagne, which, in spite of all opposition, my friends compelled me to join in drinking. I was then provided with a sofa to sleep on, and turned in for the night."

This forms a capital pendant to Lord Dufferin's account of his jovial dinner-party with the Governor of Reikiavik, where he was challenged by each of the twenty guests to drink wine (which in Iceland, as in Siberia, means emptying your glass) *before* the public toasts began.

On page 42, we are presented with a sketch of the birth-place of the great-grandfather of the present Prince Demidoff, who now possesses, in and around the Oural mountains, an estate of upwards of three millions of acres, on which nature has been most lavish of her wealth. Iron and copper ore appear to be inexhaustible. Platinum and gold are in the upper valleys, and malachite also is found there in enormous quantities, as well as porphyry, jaspers, and marbles of great beauty; while the forests are thickly timbered, and extend over more than 2,000 square miles. The capital of this vast estate is the town of Nijne Tagilsk, with a population of 25,000 inhabitants, where iron and copper are worked on a very extensive scale. Anatole Demidoff spares no expense in educating the young men on his estates who show any talent for geology, mineralogy, or mechanics. He has sent several to England and France, affording them every facility for prosecuting their studies; to some he has given their freedom, and several of those in his service have acquired considerable wealth. The Demidoffs early saw the advantage which they would derive from imparting to their workmen a knowledge of the fine arts, and there was a school of design in Nijne Tagilsk seventy years ago; several workmen belonging to that town were sent to Italy and placed with eminent artists, under whom they studied for some years, returning home fully qualified to act as teachers themselves; and Mr. Atkinson tells us that he has seen five or six tables painted by them that would do credit to any establishment in Europe at the present day.

At Kooshwink, on the Asiatic side of the Oural, our author had a violent attack of fever, which was subdued by the following powerful method of treatment:—

"In the course of half an hour the doctor arrived, and seeing the condition I was in, directed that I should at once go to bed, while a Russian bath should be prepared for me. This was commencing business in earnest. In due time the bath was got ready, to which I was carried by two sturdy Cossacks. Having laid aside my last clothing, the body-guard placed me on the top shelf of the bath-room, within an inch of the furnace—if I may so call it—and there *steamed* me till I thought my individuality well-nigh gone. After about forty

minutes of drubbing and flogging with a bundle of birch twigs, leaf and all, till I had attained the true colour of a well-done craw-fish, I was taken out, and treated to a pail of cold water, dashed over me from head to foot, that fairly electrified me. I found myself quite exhausted and helpless, in which condition I was carried back to bed. I had scarcely lain down ten minutes, when a Cossack entered with a bottle of physic of some kind or other, large enough apparently to supply a regiment. The doctor followed instead of preceding the apothecary, and instantly gave me a dose. Seeing that I survived the experiment, he ordered the man in attendance to repeat it every two hours during the night. Thanks to the Russian bath, and possibly the quantity of medicine I had to swallow, the fever was forced, after a struggle of eight days, to beat a retreat."

Twice afterwards, during his wanderings, Mr. Atkinson was attacked by fever, and recovered by the use of the Russian bath, which might possibly be found as successful in this country as in Siberia.

Before leaving the district of the Oural, our author ascended Mount Katchanar, the highest of the range, which is crowned by some remarkable crags, standing up like crystals, several not less than 100 feet high, composed of regular courses, with pure magnetic iron ore between their beds, varying from one inch to four inches thick. In some places, cubes or crystals of iron, three and four inches square, project from the solid rock, and in other parts the whole mass seems to be of iron. Another Ouralian mountain, ascended by Mr. Atkinson, is the Great Blagodat, on whose summit stands a small wooden chapel, and a tomb erected to the memory of a royal chief, named Tchumpin, who was there sacrificed and burnt by his ferocious countrymen, as a penalty for pointing out the mines of magnetic iron ore to the Russians. As a favourable specimen of Mr. Atkinson's descriptive powers, we shall quote his picture of a sunrise among the Ourals:—

"The sun was rising fast, his yellow rays were thrown far up into mid heaven; and, in a short time, the rocky peaks above me were tipped with golden light. Soon he was shining upon me in his full glory, whilst all beneath was undefined and misty. Presently the tops of the lower hills caught the light, and every few minutes new objects seemed starting into life from out the gloomy shroud which overhung the valleys. I sat watching the changes for an hour. It was, indeed, a glorious sight. Hill after hill was breaking into view—each ridge as it receded was more aerial, until, at length, they appeared like golden mists; while the nearer rocks stood out grim, dark, and rugged, as if the spirits of darkness were trying to penetrate the mysteries of heaven."

Mr. Atkinson praises highly the generous and almost

universal hospitality of the Oural. The ancient mansion of the Demidoffs at Nevraïnsk, is now kept up solely for the accommodation of travellers, who are welcome at whatever hour of the day or night they may arrive; and the table is covered with excellent fare and delicious wines—port, sherry, Rhine wine, and champagne, free of expense. At Nevraïnsk there is a curious leaning brick tower, of which a sketch is given, and an extensive manufactory of rifles, coarsely finished, and stocked with birchwood, but which will carry a ball with as much certainty as the best Purday. They have the further advantage of being exceedingly cheap, costing, ready for use, £1 11s. 8d. each. Two rifles were manufactured here expressly for Mr. Atkinson, and cost him, complete with cases and all necessary apparatus, only £4 15s. Nevraïnsk and the neighbouring mines are the property of the wealthy family of Yakovlif, between whom and the Demidoffs a dispute arose as to boundaries, and gave rise to expensive and protracted litigation. The Yakovlifs claimed the iron mines in Nijne Tagilsk; and, during the author's visit to that place in 1847, a new boundary was being formed between the continuous estates of the two families in a somewhat singular manner: a deep trench was dug along the boundary, and filled up with small charcoal, which is almost indestructible, and can scarcely be moved without immediate detection.

Besides various metallic ores, many valuable precious stones, such as the emerald, amethyst, beryl, chrisoberyl, topaz, rose tourmalin, and garnets, are found in the Oural; and there is also an inexhaustible variety of jaspers, porphyry, aventurine, and other ornamental stones, which are made into columns, pedestals, vases, and tables, unrivalled in workmanship, either in ancient or modern times. The establishment where this is done belongs to the crown, and is worked by peasants, who receive the veriest trifle as wages.

"I have seen," says Mr. Atkinson, "a man engaged carving foliage on some of the jasper vases, in a style not excelled anywhere in Europe, whose wages were *three shillings and eightpence per month*, with two poods, or thirty-six pounds of rye flour per month, to make into bread; meat he is never supposed to eat. I have seen another man cutting a head of Ajax, after the antique, in jasper, of two colours—the ground a dark green, and the head a yellowish cream colour—in very high relief, and intended for a brooch. It was a splendid production of art, and would have raised the man to a high position in any country in Europe except Russia. *He* also, poor man! received his three shillings and eightpence per month, and his bread. There are many men employed in these productions possessing great genius; were they free to use their

talents for their own benefit, this country might send into civilized Europe numerous works of vast merit."

At Ekaterineberg especially, and also at many of the other mining centres of Siberia, where wealth is pretty widely spread, gambling is a prevalent vice; and during our author's stay in the Oural, a young officer shot himself, owing to his losses at play. Even the fair sex pass a considerable portion of their time at cards; and among them are some most inveterate gamblers. It is almost their only resource to kill time.

"In England," said an intelligent Russian to Mr. Atkinson, "you have the daily papers, the monthly periodicals, a literature unequalled, and the liberty of discussing any subject with freedom; if we had such things to occupy our minds, we should not care for cards."

The wealth, comfort, and intelligence of the mining population are not confined to the Oural, but are quite as conspicuous in the Altai district, where 64,000 men are employed in mining operations, and where are the richest gold and silver mines of Siberia. The town of Barnaoul, with a population of 10,000, is the centre for the administration of the mines of the Altai; and there resides the Natchalnick, or chief director of the mines. This officer is responsible for the proper working of the mines; and every department is under his control. Once a-year he must visit every smelting work, iron work, gold mine, and silver mine; to accomplish which he must travel nearly 4,000 miles annually, chiefly in a mountainous country, sometimes in a carriage, and frequently also on horseback; then he must descend the rivers on rafts or boats, and must often face terrible storms. But to compensate for this, he possesses immense power, as every officer and man in the Altai is under his command, and must obey his orders. Mr. Atkinson pays the highest compliments to the abilities of the Russian mining engineers. No class of men in the empire can approach them in scientific knowledge and intelligence; and many among them in that distant country, are qualified to take their stand beside the first *savants* in Europe, as geologists, mineralogists, and metallurgists.

At Barnaoul, our author found living exceedingly cheap, and the society the pleasantest of any in Siberia. Of the former of these advantages, he gives the following examples: White flour, 3s. 4d. for thirty-six pounds; rye flour, 4d. for the same quantity; beef, from 2s. to 3s. per pood of thirty-six pounds; salmon, 2d. per pound, and sterlet, 3d.; grouse, 6d., and partridges, 4d. a-brace; fresh eggs, 1s. per hundred. Truly, housekeeping must be a sinecure in this part of Siberia; but

this is by no means the only advantage of Barnaoul. Its neighbourhood presents a great variety of attractions to the sportsman. The valley of the Obi swarms with the double snipe, of which Mr. Atkinson and three Russian friends on one occasion bagged 198 in less than three hours and a-half. Besides snipe, tree-partridges, blackcock, and hares, are abundant; and in winter wolves are more numerous than agreeable. Mr. Atkinson relates an amusing adventure that occurred to some keen sportsmen while engaged in a snipe-shooting excursion in the vicinity of Barnaoul. They were overturned in a morass, while driving to the ground, and thoroughly drenched; but the day was hot, the snipe numerous, and they could not bear the idea of returning; so, sending the driver back to Barnaoul for dry garments, they stripped off their wet clothes, spread them out to dry, and, clad only in their long shooting-boots and broad-brimmed hats, and with game-bags slung over their shoulders, they commenced operations against the snipe with the utmost vigour and success, their dogs—after getting over the first surprise at the novel costume of their masters—behaving admirably. None of the party suffered from the exposure; and the adventure is now one of the local legends of Barnaoul.

In the course of his rambles our author visited Zlataoost, the Birmingham and Sheffield of Siberia, where there is one of the most extensive and best-arranged fabrics of arms in the world. Its director, General Anossoff, who died at Omsk, in 1851, had succeeded in reviving the forgotten art of damascening arms, and had carried it to a higher degree of perfection than even the ancient armourers of the East. But, as far as the art of damascening steel is concerned, the glory of Zlataoost has departed with Anossoff; for, on our author's visit, in 1853, he found that a damasc blade could no longer be manufactured.

Among the Siberian mountains, bears are still numerous and often savage and dangerous, and many stories are related of their strength and fierceness. The greatest bear-hunter of the Oural is a damsel of the name of Anna Petrovnaia, a heroine, who, single-handed, has engaged and slain seventeen bears. In all Siberia, bruin has not a more intrepid or dangerous enemy, yet her countenance is soft and pleasing, and nothing in her appearance indicates her extraordinary intrepidity.

Not the least risk which the traveller in Siberia must encounter, is that arising from the sudden and terrible storms which sweep over the mountains and steppes with startling rapidity and violence. The following is a spirited account

of a gallop for life during one of these tempests which overtook our author while traversing the Kholoun mountains:—

“Without speaking a word we turned our horses and started off at a gallop. It was a race for the pass, as it was only in this ravine that we could hope for shelter. Every few minutes the thunder rolled nearer and nearer, and on we galloped; the horses, with an instinctive dread of what was following, putting forth their full powers without either whip or spur. Road, or track, there was none; only some high rocky peaks pointed out to my companions the head of the pass. Our course was straight towards these; sometimes over fine mossy turf, then over ground rough and stony, which would, under any other circumstances, have caused both horse and rider to hesitate before dashing onward at the speed at which we were going. The storm was still behind us, for, as yet, we had only seen the flash, but not the streams of lightning that were descending, every two or three minutes, in our rear, followed by claps of thunder, which resounded among the mountains until the distant echo was lost in another loud roar. At a short distance in front of us, I beheld huge pillars of rock, rising up fifty or sixty feet, which reminded me of Stonehenge, but on a most gigantic scale. I looked at the place with intense interest, determined to visit it, if possible, on the morrow. We were within a couple of versts of the head of the pass when we heard a great rushing sound behind us. Instantly our heads were turned to see what was coming, when we beheld branches of cedar torn up from the valley, carried over the rocky peaks, and whirled high into the air; this was the blast before the storm, which now swept on with terrific force. Fortunately for us the rocky pillars broke the fury of the gust, or we should have been hurled down to a certainty; for, at a short distance on each side of us, the dwarf cedars, which creep over the rocks, were torn up and carried along by the hurricane. We found it difficult to sit our horses, as they swerved and bounded on, when the fearful squall rushed past.

“The storm was now near; but for the last few minutes there had not been a flash. This was even more appalling than the loud thunder. I turned my head and saw a thick red stream strike among the rocks we had just passed; at the same instant there were three reports, like the firing of a heavily loaded musket, over our heads, and then came a crash which made our horses shudder, although in gallop. Now came hailstones so thick that, for a moment, they almost blinded us; the lightning flashed in quick succession, and the thunder was incessant. We reached the pass, and turned into its rugged jaws with a delight known only to a mariner when he runs his sinking craft into a safe haven. In about ten minutes we were quietly standing under the shelter of some friendly rocks, our tired horses trembling with fear. The men crossed themselves; nor did I forget to offer up my thanks for our preservation.”

Near Little Naryn, a frontier post of Cossacks, our author

got his first glimpse of the vast and sedulously guarded territory of the Chinese empire. Afterwards he descended the Irtisch, the principal tributary of the great river Obi, for a considerable distance, amidst scenery of the most magnificent description. In one place he found a mountain rent asunder, the chasm being not more than thirty feet wide and upwards of 800 feet in height. The sides are almost perpendicular, and would fit into each other could they be brought together. The celebrated "Brèche de Roland," in the Pyrenees, is nothing to this.

In the neighbourhood of the Irtisch, Mr. Atkinson made his first acquaintance with the Kirghis of the steppes. They are great robbers, continually making *barantas*, or forays, in search of plunder; and, on one occasion, in the valley of Isilksou, the author made a narrow escape from their clutches. His first introduction to a Kirghis chief took place at the *aoul*, or dwelling of Mahomed, one of the wealthiest princes of the steppes. He was upwards of sixty years old, stout and square built, with broad features, a fine flowing grey beard, small piercing eyes, and a countenance not disagreeable. He wore on his head a closely-fitting silk cap, beautifully embroidered in silver; his dress was a long robe, or *kalat*, of pink and yellow striped silk, tied round the waist with a white shawl; and his boots, of reddish brown leather, had such high heels as to cause him some difficulty in walking. The Kirghis have a drink peculiar to them, and of which they are passionately fond; it is called *koumis*, and is made by fermenting mare's milk. They begin making the *koumis* in April. The mares are milked at five in the morning and evening into large leathern pails, which are taken immediately to the *yourt*, or tent, and the milk poured into the *koumis*-bag, a most important piece of furniture in Kirghis housekeeping. It is made of leather, and is sometimes nearly six feet long by upwards of four wide; at one corner there is a leathern tube, four inches in diameter, through which they pour in the milk and draw out the *koumis*. A wooden instrument, resembling a churning staff, is introduced into the bag, and with this the *koumis* is frequently stirred. The bag is never washed out, as this would spoil it. The milk is stirred and fermented for fourteen days, after which it is considered perfection, and is drunk in great quantities by the wealthy Kirghis, as it requires a large stock of brood-mares to afford a corresponding consumption of this beverage. Almost every Kirghis has a *koumis*-bottle slung to his saddle in summer, which he loses no opportunity of replenishing.

Mr. Atkinson had some rum among his stores; and he soon found that, although old Mahomed would on no account touch

it when others were present, he was but too fond of drinking it when alone with his guest. Fearing this might lead to mischief, he hit upon a humorous expedient which entirely cured the old sinner of his taste for the forbidden spirit. Here is Mr. Atkinson's account of the scene :—

“I took a piece of stearine candle out of my box, lighted it, and put it beside me. I then poured a small quantity of rum into the cup, leaving it standing on my tea-box, which I had placed before him. He looked into the cup and was greatly dissatisfied with the quantity, asking for more; I poured a little into a teaspoon and held it over the candle, without letting him see what I was doing. When the spirit caught fire I took the cup, poured the burning fluid into the rum, and placed it before him. As the blue flames curled up he looked perfectly aghast, muttering something about Shaitan. After the flame had burnt out I offered him another cup; but nothing could induce him to touch it even with his finger. I spent two more nights at this *aoul* without even having induced him to taste rum tea.”

One of the most wonderful objects in Siberia is Altai-Kool, or the Golden Lake, which lies buried among the recesses of the Altai mountains. It fills up an enormous chasm in the mountain chain, about sixty miles in length, by six or seven wide, and is almost entirely surrounded by lofty summits. Its depth is said to be 2,000 feet, while precipices of as great a height in many places overshadow its waters. Several of the neighbouring peaks rise far into the regions of eternal snow, contrasting finely with the vivid colours of the rocks which rise immediately above the lake. Their tints are often of the most brilliant description; some are bright red, and others purple, yellow, and green, and among them are many rare and beautiful varieties of granite, marble, and jasper. One spot is thus described by the author :—

“The rocks on both sides in the foreground are a dark red granite; those in the distance are slate. The plants and flowers growing with a tropical luxuriance upon and out of their crevices, gave the scene quite an enchanting aspect. It was savage nature adorned with some of her most lovely ornaments. The deep red on the granite, the grey, purple, and orange on the slate, with the bright yellow of the birches on the distant rocks, overtopped as they were by deep purple mountains, rendered this a study of inestimable value. Had Ruskin been here he must have acknowledged that Dame Nature was as a colourist more Turneresque than Turner himself.”

The scenery on the river Tchoulish, which empties itself into the Altai-Kool, is stupendous; there is nothing in Europe to compare with it. Unfortunately, the navigation of

the Golden Lake is extremely perilous; landing places are few and far between; storms sudden and frequent, and so furious, that any boat caught in them is doomed to certain destruction. Mr. Atkinson made a very narrow escape, of which he gives the following account:—

“The lake was perfectly calm, but these mountaineers knew that a storm was coming, and it was evident that they were exceedingly anxious. Our little boats were pulled along at a great speed towards a bay, where there was a sandy shore—our only place of refuge. We were within 100 yards of the beach, when we heard the wind sweeping over the lake with a fearful sound. Looking out in the direction of the noise, I saw a streak of white foam coming towards us like a race-horse, and felt that if we were caught in this blast we were doomed; a few minutes more, and we should be safe. At last we touched the sand; to leap out was the work of a moment; simultaneously we seized the canoe, and ran it up on the beach; the other two crews performed the same operation. Now the gale swept past in its terrible fury, and a wave came dashing on to the strand four or five feet deep. Two of the canoes being a little behind were not out of reach of the wave as it rolled in, and were filled in a moment; the men, however, held on, and the boats were soon pulled out of danger. We sought shelter in the forest under several large cedars, and while some of my companions brought our baggage, others began preparing a *balagan*, as a protection against the storm. Just at this moment came a vivid flash, followed by a terrific crash of thunder, which appeared to shake the solid earth. The roaring of the wind and waves, and the heavy roll of the thunder, were appalling. It soon became a perfect hurricane; the tops of the waves were blown off as they rose, and the lake was covered as if with a sheet of snow. Had we gone even a hundred yards farther before turning towards the shore, we should never have been heard of again. Beyond this little bay there was not a spot on which we could land for fifteen versts.”*

The Bielouka is the monarch of the Altai chain, and his gleaming crest penetrates far into the regions of eternal snow. Mr. Atkinson attempted the ascent, and gives a very spirited description of it in his twenty-third chapter. After a toilsome struggle among rocks and glaciers, he succeeded in reaching the foot of the two peaks which crown the Bielouka, and overlook every summit of the Altai; but further progress was impossible, as these two peaks are steep cones nearly 1,000 feet high, covered with hard-frozen snow, with a few points of green slate jutting through. Shortly after this the author had an affray in a Kalmuck *aoul* with a couple of drunken Kalmucks, both of whom he knocked down; but who, upon the appearance of his

* There are 104 versts in the degree of sixty geographical miles.

Cossacks, and finding themselves the weaker party, thought it safest to keep the peace. Mr. Atkinson pronounces the gorge of the Korgon to be the finest of the many magnificent scenes to be found among the Altai mountains. The precipices rise up 2,000 feet, broken into rugged and picturesque shapes, while the torrent roars and chafes at their base. Jasper of various colours is got here in very large masses; blocks for columns, fourteen feet long, are obtained near the summit of one of the highest precipices, and are lowered to the stream beneath with great difficulty. The labour of cutting out these large blocks is enormous; the workmen drill holes, five inches apart, the whole length of the block, and to the depth required; into these holes they then drive dry birchwood pines, and keep watering them till they swell and burst off the mass. Some of the workmen come from a distance of three or four hundred miles, arriving in May, and remaining till the end of September, when they all return to their homes. During the working season they live, in filth and wretchedness, in small stone huts built at the foot of the precipices which overhang the ravine, subsisting upon black bread and salt, and receiving a miserable pittance of two shillings and ninepence a month. Several vases from the jaspers of the Korgon were exhibited in the Crystal Palace of 1851; and a medal was awarded to the workmen, of which they are very proud.

Ancient Mongolia, now the country of the Kalkas, where the strong plunder the weak, and where the traveller must run the risk of losing his life, or being sold into slavery, was visited by our adventurous wanderer, accompanied by an escort of three Cossacks and seven Kalmucks, the party mustering in all eight rifles. The chief of the little band of Kalmucks was named Tchuck-a-boi, an active, powerful fellow, with a fine, manly countenance, a massive forehead, and large black eyes. He wore a horse-skin cloak, fastened round his waist with a broad red scarf, and his manly bearing and graceful movements made him a fine study. He was Mr. Atkinson's faithful companion through many a day of toil and hardship, and suffered hunger and thirst without a murmur. From an elevated position on the Tagnou mountains, which lie to the southward of the Altai range, the author got a peep far into Central Asia, and over a region never before beheld by any European. Many vast burrows or tumuli are scattered over the steppes of the Kalkas; and, as it was over these interminable plains that Genghis Khan marched his savage hordes, more than 600 years ago, to the conquest of the West, he conjectures that these mounds may cover the remains of nations which they exterminated during their desolating progress. On these far-

stretching plains of Mongolia the phenomenon of the mirage was frequently observed; and, in some places, considerable danger was incurred from the numerous and fierce packs of wolves which infest them. On one occasion they were attacked by them twice during a single night, and beat them off only after killing eight of their number, and wounding a great many more. Among the copse-wood and reeds in the valleys, and along the banks of the streams and lakes of the steppe, wild boars are numerous, and afford splendid sport. Mr. Atkinson, after a long and exciting gallop, succeeded in killing one which weighed 324 pounds.

The twenty-sixth chapter introduces the reader to Chinese Tartary, the snowy chain of the Syan-shan, and the desert of Gobi, a vast waste in the centre of the Asiatic continent, 2,000 miles in length, and varying in breadth from 300 to 700. Here the author falls foul of Mr. de Quincey, and points out various gross geographical blunders which occur in his "Exodus of the Tartars." The *ouls* of several of the nomad sultans of the steppe were visited by Mr. Atkinson; and, while the guest of Sultan Baspasihan, he joined a hunting party, where deer and antelopes were caught and killed by the "bearcoote," or large black eagle, which is trained and used by these Tartar tribes as falcons formerly were in Europe. A graphic description is given of this novel and exciting sport:—

"We had not gone far when several large deer rushed past a jutting point of the reeds, and bounded over the plain, about 300 yards from us. In an instant the bearcoote was unhooded, and his shackles removed, when he sprang from his perch, and soared up into the air. I watched him ascend, as he wheeled round, and was under the impression that he had not seen the animals; but in this I was mistaken. He had now risen to a considerable height, and seemed to poise himself for about a minute. After this he gave two or three flaps with his wings, and swooped off in a straight line towards his prey. I could not perceive that his wings moved, but he went at a fearful speed. There was a shout, and away went his keepers at full gallop. I gave my horse the rein and a touch of the whip; in a few minutes he carried me to the front, and I was riding neck-and-neck with one of the keepers. When we were about 200 yards off, the bearcoote struck his prey. The deer gave a bound forward and fell. The bearcoote had struck one talon into his neck, the other into his back, and with his beak was tearing out the animal's liver. The Khirgis sprang from his horse, slipped the hood over the eagle's head, and the shackles upon his legs, and removed him from his prey without difficulty. The keeper mounted his horse, his assistant placed the bearcoote on his perch, and he was ready for another flight. No dogs are taken out when

hunting with the eagle; they would be destroyed to a certainty; indeed the Khirgis assert, that he will attack and kill the wolf. Foxes are hunted in this way, and many are killed; the wild goat and the lesser kinds of deer are also taken in considerable numbers. We had not gone far before a herd of small antelopes were seen feeding on the plain. Again the bird soared up in circles as before—this time, I thought, to a greater elevation; and again he made the fatal swoop at his intended victim, and the animal was dead before we reached him. The bearcoote is unerring in his flight; unless the animal can escape into holes in the rocks, as the fox sometimes does, death is his certain doom."

Like the ancient patriarchs, the wealth of the sultans of the steppe consists in flocks and herds. Sultan Baspasihan had more than 2,000 horses, 1,000 cattle, 280 camels, and upwards of 6,000 sheep and goats. Mr. Atkinson's appearance and costume were, to these children of the desert, subjects of great curiosity and wonder, which does not at all astonish us, if the following picture be a correct one:—

"I wore a shooting-jacket of rifle green, a checked waistcoat and trousers—but very little of the latter were seen, as my legs were inserted into a pair of long shooting boots; a pink calico shirt, with the collar turned down over a small neck-tie, and a large-brimmed felt hat, that would accommodate itself to any shape. For a period of four years no barber had touched my silvery locks, and they were hanging down in heavy curls. This was a great wonder, as all male heads with them are closely shaven."

Mr. Atkinson had the boldness to visit the *aoul* of the celebrated robber-chief Koubaldos, the greatest scoundrel of the steppes; and was afterwards pursued by him with a strong party, and only escaped by misleading them as to the direction he had taken. He afterwards visited Sultan Sabeck, one of the richest chieftains of Mongolia, who possessed 8,000 horses and 600 camels, and who showed him great kindness and hospitality. Subsequently, he penetrated to within three hours' ride of the Chinese town of Tchín-si, and obtained a fine view of Bogda Oila, the giant of the Syan-shan range, with his rocks, snows, and glaciers. It is an enormous mass, and the inhabitants of these regions have a saying, "that it hides both the sun and the moon." Sultans Baspasihan, Sabeck, and Oúi-gass had concerted a plan for the destruction of Koubaldos, and the last-named of the three chieftains made the most liberal offers to Mr. Atkinson if he would remain with his band and join in the raid, and was greatly disappointed when his guest declined to aid in the anticipated massacre. Some of the sultans of the steppe still claim descent from Genghis Khan and Timour.

Ishonac Khan is descended from the first of these conquerors, and, in right of descent, wears the owl's feather hung from the top of his cap; while Sultan Ali Iholdi, of the line of Timour, has a son who bears the name of the great conqueror of Bajazet, and a chair of state, ornamented with peacock's feathers, is carried before him—a mark of the highest distinction amongst these people. Portraits of several of these chieftains and their families form some of the most interesting of the many beautiful illustrations in Mr. Atkinson's volume.

Great as were the dangers encountered by our author from the lawless banditti of the steppe, a greater peril awaited him, in the shape of a sand-storm, which overtook and nearly overwhelmed himself and his followers, and of which he gives the following vivid narrative:—

“Soon after crossing the river, we skirted the edge of a bed of reeds for several versts, and whilst riding on, I noticed a cloud of sand rising high into the air; but this was so common an occurrence that I paid no attention to the matter till we passed the bed of reeds, when we had a view over the steppe for fifty or sixty versts. I now saw that a dense black mass, of fearful appearance, was rolling straight towards us, extending about a verst in width. The moment the Kirghis beheld it, in the greatest alarm they turned their horses and galloped back under the shelter of the reeds; I and the Cossacks stood watching its approach for a few minutes, and then made for the shelter. The Kirghis led the horses into the cover, securing them fast, and urged me to lie down. It was not long before we heard the approach of the hurricane; on it came obscuring the sun, and casting a deep gloomy shade over the country. In a few minutes a terrific blast rushed by, laying the reeds and bulrushes flat over us. To look up was impossible; we were shrouded in a thick cloud of dust. In five minutes the storm passed, and then I saw that we had only been visited by the edge of the cloud as it rolled on with fearful rapidity. Fortunately we were not caught on the steppe, or every man and animal would have perished.”

Among the magnificent scenery of the Alatou and Tagnou Mountains, Mr. Atkinson wandered for 123 days, and enriched his portfolio with 109 sketches, not departing from their neighbourhood until almost without clothes, and without a serviceable pair of boots. The last part of his book contains a description of the Saian mountains and the Baikal lake, two of the most interesting natural features of Oriental Siberia. He travelled first from the western frontier of Siberia to Irkutsk, its eastern capital, occasionally at the rate of nearly 200 miles in the twenty-four hours. The great post-road is very uninteresting, and if the traveller will keep awake for three stations after leaving the Irtisch, he may sleep for the remainder of the journey, and yet

be able to describe the whole country on his arrival; for the soil is everywhere either sandy and overgrown with the pine, or swampy and covered with the birch. Mr. Atkinson also descended the great river Yenissey, in a small boat, for upwards of 800 miles, viewing and sketching many magnificent scenes. At one spot he came upon enormous cliffs of white marble, as fine as any obtained at Carrara, which now remain untouched, as the waters of the stream which they overhang are lost in the Arctic Ocean, so that the marble cannot in this way be conveyed to Europe. Much, indeed, of the mineral wealth of Siberia seems destined to be for ever useless to man, from the savage and inaccessible localities where it lies. Thus, in the remote and lofty valley of the black Irkout, our author afterwards discovered beautiful marbles—some white, with deep purple spots and small veins, and others of a rich yellow, equal, if not superior, to the finest Sienna. In a ravine on the course of this river, which was filled with snow and ice, he also saw large poplars growing and in full leaf, though their tops only were above the icy mass, and their trunks imbedded in the snow to a depth of twenty-five feet. While among the Saian mountains, he came upon a volcanic region where vast masses of lava and extinct craters still remain to show the tremendous agencies formerly at work. The scenery here is sublime, and its most striking feature is thus portrayed:—

“The cone is about 800 feet high, is exceedingly abrupt and steep in the interior, and formed of lava and red ashes. It stands at the northern end of the crater which is elliptical in form, but very irregular, extending from north to south nearly two miles, and in some parts, more than three quarters of a mile in width; towards the southern end of the crater rose another cone of more recent date, and of greater magnitude. Beyond this a small stream, which comes from the snowy mountains above, dashes over the brink of the crater, and rushes on among masses of lava till it takes its last leap into a fearful abyss. This crater is not on the summit of a mountain, as high peaks and ridges surround it on every side. Its eastern side is bounded by rocks, probably not less than 2,000 feet high; which are not perpendicular but overhang their base—their faces bearing marks of intense heat. A few are grey, others purple, and some of a deep red. To the north-east these high precipices have been rent asunder into a tremendous chasm, through which the lava has flowed into the valley which joined the Djem-a-look, where I observed it in making the ascent. No scene with which I am acquainted conveys such an impression of the terrible and sublime, as the prospect from some parts of this wonderful region, in which I spent many days.”

Shortly after this, Mr. Atkinson, in the course of his wanderings, visited a black-lead mine, discovered and worked by a

Frenchman—M. Alebère. It is situated on the summit of a dome-shaped mountain, and has a shaft twenty feet in diameter, and fifty deep. M. Alebère considers its produce superior to the best Cumberland lead; and the author, who tried it, pronounces it equal to any now produced, and much better than that at present in use. The extent of the vast ranges of mountains that traverse Asia, separating Siberia from Mongolia, is immense. The Alps may be easily crossed in four or five days; but the wanderer among these Asiatic alps has lost no time if he succeeds in crossing them in thirty-five. After exploring these mountains, Mr. Atkinson embarked on the Baikal, or as the natives call it, the Holy Sea. It is subject to terrific storms, and is said by them to be unfathomable. His boat voyage on this great inland sea lasted for twenty-eight days, and proved rather fatiguing, as the scenery, though presenting a few points of extraordinary beauty, is, upon the whole, very monotonous. There are a great many bears in the adjacent country, and one of the boatmen, who was a mighty hunter, mentioned a curious fact in the natural history of Bruin, which the author relates upon his authority: When a bear finds a man sleeping by a fire, he will not attack him, but will first go into the water, saturate his fur, return, put out the fire, and then devour his victim at his leisure.

We take leave of Mr. Atkinson reluctantly, and strongly recommend his delightful volume to the attention of our readers, as one of the most interesting books of travel that has lately issued from the press.

ART. III.—DEBIT AND CREDIT.

Debit and Credit. From the German of Gustav Freitag. Translated by L. C. C. With a Preface and Introduction by the Chevalier Bunsen. In Two Volumes. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. 1857.

ANY romance which takes the capital of Prussia for its scene of action, must derive its interest from the manners it depicts, and not the site it has chosen. Never was situation less picturesque than that of Berlin. It is Shakspeare's "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable," crystallized. It is a slice of the great ham of the Zahara cut off for European uses. It is dull, level, and prosaic, to an almost poetical degree. It requires

superlatives to describe its prosiness. It is sand without and sand within; sand originally, and sand derivatively; sand all, and sand only; sand amid the corn, sand amid the trees, sand in molehill and mountain; sand by the highway, and sand by the river; sand in *Thal*, and sand in *Thier-garten*; sand in *Schloss*, sand in *Stadt*, sand in *Strasse*; sand in short, and nothing but sand, everywhere. Now, with such a whereabouts as this, it is quite clear an author must depend upon his whatabouts for his main interest, like Fanny Kemble or Rachel in their dramatic readings, deprived of the subsidiary helps of tragic costumes, pictorial accessories, and footlights. What Shakspeare's plays are without Charles Kean's embellishments, that a Prussian novel must be from the native and irremediable dearth of local attraction.

How different from the fiction of Rousseau, wherein the wild Alps, the vine-clad Meilleray, the placid Lemán, constitute so much of the fascination of the "*Héloise*;" from that of Charles Kingsley, where the quiet combs of Devon, the broad estuaries and lovely rivers, the red tors and snowy-blossomed orchards, fill so important a part in the *locale* of "*Westward Ho!*" To leave the English novelist out of the question, Byron did no more than justice to the scenery of Rousseau's romance when he made that "apostle of affliction" pour out his passionate utterances amid the unequalled panorama of Southern Switzerland:—

"'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affections; but he found
It was the scene which passion must allot
To the mind's purified beings; 'twas the ground
Where early love his Psyche's zone unbound,
And hallow'd it with loveliness: 'tis lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a throne."

The Prussian romance of Freitag, on the contrary, having chosen so unpropitious an *arena*—we abjure the implicit pun—can neither seek nor derive its interest from questions of latitude or longitude, from the temperature of the climate, or the productions of the soil. It is a story of town life, and might happen in any town—out of England; for here, its romantic cast of thought and incident would render it an impossibility. And we may add, that it is thoroughly German: a characteristic of the novel somewhat natural, seeing that it is the composition of a German author, on German ground, and depicts exclusively German life. With this native tinge, showing itself

everywhere in remarkable depth of colour, we are not disposed to quarrel, having decided sympathies with Teutonic literature, and with the better side of the German temperament; but nevertheless, we cannot bring ourselves to that enthusiastic appreciation of this novel which it has found in its native country. It is altogether more romantic than is quite consistent with ordinary life; and its sympathies are too confined, its object too didactic, for our own cosmopolitan sentiments, and the requisitions of modern fiction.

We must own, nevertheless, that the novel of "Debit and Credit" possesses many striking merits. Imprimis, it is interesting—an indispensable necessity of works designed for entertainment; in the next place, it is perfectly intelligible from beginning to end—no slight merit in a production of German genius, where a misty "Faust" forms an intellectual puzzle only surpassed by the deeper darkness to which a Cimmerian "Wilhelm Meister" consigns us; and, finally, it abounds in touches of humour more nearly akin to our native quality than the greater portion of the humorous composition which is floated in upon us from the Continent. To explain which assertion we must avow our belief that humour is a quality almost entirely our own. Look where we may out of bonnie Britain, we rarely find the genuine article, but coarse, or ludicrous, or spasmodic imitations of it. Let the Berlin *Brimborium*, or the Parisian *Charivari*, be compared with our London *Punch*, and the difference between the spontaneity of genius, and the cleverness of talent, will at once appear—the wide interval between the hearty laugh of enjoyment, and the simulated merriment of Harlequin. Even glorious Jean Paul, with his unquestionable humour, was more of a grotesque *farceur* and posture-master, than with our hearty reserve of admiration for his ample endowments, we care to place on record. As a sample of what our readers may expect in this department, we extract from "Debit and Credit," the account of the birth, parentage, and early education of the hero, who very properly fascinates the regard, and secures the admiration of the reader, from the beginning to the end.

"Ostrau is a small town near the Oder, celebrated even as far as Poland for its gymnasium and its gingerbread. In this patriarchal spot had dwelt for many years the accountant-royal, Wohlfart, an enthusiastically loyal subject, and a hearty lover of his fellow-men—with one or two exceptions. He married late in life, and his wife and he lived in a small house, the garden of which he himself kept in order. For a long time the happy pair were childless; but at length came a day when the good woman, having smartened up her white bed-curtains with a broad fringe and heavy tassels, dis-

appeared behind them amidst the approbation of all her female friends. It was under the shade of those white bed-curtains that the hero of our tale was born.

"Anton was a good child, who, according to his mother, displayed remarkable peculiarities from the very day of his birth. For instance, he had a great objection to going to bed at the proper hour; he would pore time untold over his picture-alphabet, and hold lengthy conversations with the red cock depicted upon its last page, imploring him to exert himself in the cause of his young family, and not allow the maid-servant to carry them off and roast them. Lastly, he would often run away from his play-fellows, and sit lost in thought in a corner of the room. His greatest delight, however, was to perch himself on a chair opposite his father, cross his legs in the same way, and smoke a mimic pipe in emulation. Moreover, he was so seldom naughty, that all such of the female population of Ostrau, as took a gloomy view of things in general, held it doubtful that he should live to grow up, till one day Anton publicly thrashed the councillor's son, which in some degree modified the opinions concerning him. In short, he was just the boy that the only child of warm-hearted parents might be expected to prove. At school he was an example of industry; and when the drawing-master began to declare that he must be a painter, and the classical teacher to devote him to philology, the boy might have been in some danger of being diverted from the serious pursuit of any one specific calling, but for an accident which determined his choice.

"Every Christmas evening the mail brought to the house of the paternal Wohlfart a box, containing a loaf of the finest sugar, and a quantity of the best coffee. This sugar the good man himself broke into squares—the coffee was roasted by his wife's own hands; and the complacency with which they sipped their first cup was pleasant to behold. These were seasons when, to the childish soul of Anton, the whole house seemed pervaded with poetry; and his father was never weary of telling him the history of this periodical present. Many years ago, he had chanced to find, in a dusty bundle of law-papers, a document, of great importance to a well-known mercantile house in the capital. This document he had at once forwarded, and, in consequence of it, the firm had been enabled to gain a long-pending law-suit, which had previously threatened to go against them. Upon which, the young head of the concern had written his acknowledgments; and Wohlfart had refused to be thanked, having, he said, only done his duty. From that time forth, the box we have described made its appearance every Christmas evening, accompanied by a few cordial lines, to which Wohlfart responded in a masterpiece of caligraphy, expressing his surprise at the unexpected arrival, and wishing a happy new year to the firm. The old gentleman persisted, even to his wife, in treating his Christmas box as a mere accident, a trifle, a whim of some clerk in the house of T. O. Schröter, and yearly protested against the expectation of its arrival, by which the good woman's household purchases were more or less influenced. But its arrival was, in

reality, of the utmost importance in his eyes; and that not for the sake of the actual coffee and sugar themselves, but for the poetry of this connecting link between him and the life of a perfect stranger. He carefully tied up all the letters of the firm, together with three love-letters from his wife. He became a connoisseur in colonial produce, an oracle in coffee, whose decision was much deferred to by the Ostrau shopkeepers. He began to interest himself in the affairs of the great firm, and never failed to note the ups and downs, reported in a certain corner of the newspaper, wholly mysterious to the uninitiated. Nay, he even indulged in fancy speculations, and an ideal partnership—chafed when sugars fell, and chuckled at the rise of coffee.

“A strange, invisible, filmy thread it was, this which connected Wohlfart’s quiet household with the activity of the great mercantile world, and yet it was by this that little Anton’s whole life was swayed. For, when the old gentleman sate in his garden of an evening, in his satin cap, and pipe in mouth, he would dilate upon the advantages of trade, and ask his son whether he should like to be a merchant: whereupon a kind of kaleidoscope picture suddenly shaped itself in the little fellow’s mind, made up of sugar-loaves, raisins and almonds, golden oranges, his father’s smile, and the mysterious delight which the arrival of the box always occasioned him; and he replied at once, ‘Yes, father, *that* I should!’ Let no one say that our life is poor in poetical influences; still does the enchantress sway us mortals as of old! Rather let each take heed what dreams he nurses in his heart’s innermost fold, for when they are full grown they may prove tyrants, ay, and cruel ones, too.

“In this way the Wohlfart family lived on for many a year; and whenever the good woman privately entreated her husband to form some decision as to the boy’s way of life, he would reply, ‘It is formed already; he is to be a merchant.’ But in his own heart he was a little doubtful as to how this dream of his would ever be realized.

“Meanwhile, a dark day drew on, when the shutters of the house remained late unclosed; the servant girl, with red eyes, ran up and down the steps; the doctor came and shook his head; the old gentleman stood in prayer near his wife’s bed, and the boy knelt sobbing by, while his dying mother’s hand still tried to stroke his curls. Three days later came the funeral, and father and son sate together alone. Both wept; but the boy’s red cheeks returned, not so the old man’s health and strength. Not that he complained; he still sate and smoked his pipe as before, and still concerned himself about the price of sugars, but there was no heart in the smoking or the concern; and he would often look anxiously at his young companion, who wondered what his father could have on his mind. One evening, when he had for the hundredth time asked him whether he really liked to be a merchant, and received the unvarying answer, he rose from his seat with an air of decision, and told the servant girl to order a conveyance to take him the next morning to the capital; but he said nothing about the object of his expedition.

"Late on the following day he returned in a very different mood—happier, indeed, than he had ever been since his wife's death. He enchanted his son by his account of the incredible charms of the extensive business, and the kindness of the great merchant towards himself. He had been invited to dinner; he had eaten peewits' eggs, and drank Greek wine, compared to which the very best wine in Ostrau was mere vinegar; and, above all, he had received the promise of having his son taken into their office, and a few hints as to the further course of his education. The very next day saw Anton seated at a ledger, disposing arbitrarily of hundreds of thousands, converting them into every existing currency, and putting them out at every possible rate of interest.

Thus another year passed away. Anton was just eighteen, when again the windows remained darkened, and the red-eyed servant girl ran up and down, and the doctor shook his head. This time it was the old gentleman by whose bed Anton sate, holding both his hands. But there was no keeping him back; and after repeatedly blessing his son, he died, and Anton was left alone in the silent dwelling, at the entrance of a new life.

"Old Wohlfart had not been an accountant for nothing: he left his house in the highest order, his affairs were balanced to a farthing, and he had written a letter of introduction to the merchant only a few days before his death. A month later, on a fine summer morning, Anton stood upon the threshold of his home, placed the key in a friendly hand, made over his luggage to the carrier, and, with his father's letter in his pocket, took his way to the great city."

As the youth draws nigh the place of his destination, he strays without design into the private grounds of the mansion Rothsattel, and encounters unwittingly the young daughter of the house, a lively girl of fourteen, who thenceforward becomes his destiny for years. Beautiful in form and feature, free, and gay, and fascinating in manner, the young aristocrat had everything to charm the susceptible Anton; and he, like all the world of her acquaintance, bowed to her sway, although in his position, an under clerk in a grocer's counting-house, his devotion to his *Dulcinea* was a secret and scarcely conscious worship. Proceeding from Rothsattel, our hero encounters a young townsman and schoolfellow, a Jew, who was likewise going to establish himself in the same city; and the further development of the story presents the two careers of the honourable and upright Anton, and the unscrupulous rascal Veitel, in striking contrast. On this field the ethical unfolding of the fiction is perfect; and poetical justice is done to both the worthy and the unworthy. In the issue, Itzig, the Jew, is drowned, after adding murder to speculation; while the "patient continuance" of Wohlfart in well-doing is rewarded by happiness at last.

In the character and fortunes of these two leading personages, the story of "Debit and Credit" is but the two apprentices of Hogarth done into German. Another gentleman of leading importance in the progress of the story is the wealthy and dashing Herr von Fink, a clerk in the same establishment as Anton, and his fast friend, who eventually takes the aristocratic Lenore von Rothsattel off Anton's hands — a more congenial union—and leaves our worthy hero to a less ambitious marriage with the sister and housekeeper of his widowed principal, the thrifty and amiable Sabine Schröter.

After an honourable and upright course of a few years in the merchant's employ, during which Wohlfart wins his principal's confidence, the first place in his establishment, and the golden opinions of all around him, Anton relinquishes every advantage at the summons of a chivalric desire to rescue the family of Rothsattel from pecuniary embarrassments which threatened their ruin. Mr. Schröter resents this desertion of the firm by its most trusted servant; but our hero deemed the sacrifice he made a duty, and succeeded in his object, as well as in regaining afterwards the esteem which his Quixotic disinterestedness and regretted departure had shaken. While absent from Berlin, managing a most disheartening Polish property of the Baron's, an insurrection of the native population takes place, accompanied with every outrage upon the persons and property of the German colonists settled in their midst. An attack is made upon the castle of the baron, which is successfully defended by the courage of Anton and Von Fink. One of the adventures attending the attack we shall extract from the story:—

"The ring of horses' hoofs, and the hollow march of the infantry, were now heard.

"'Zounds!' said Fink, 'the whole corps marches, as if on parade, up to the castle front. If they mean to storm your fortress on this side, they have the most remarkable conceptions of the nature of a strong place. They draw up against us at a distance of five hundred yards. The infantry in the middle, the horsemen at both sides: quite a Roman order of battle. Julius Cæsar over again, I declare! Look, they have a drummer; the fellow advances, the row you hear is the beat of drums. Ah, ha! the leader rides forward. He comes on, and just halts before our door. Politeness demands that we should inquire what he wants.' Fink pushed back the heavy bolts of the door,—it opened; he stepped out on the threshold covering the entrance, and carrying his double-barrel carelessly in his hand. When the horseman saw the slender figure in hunting costume, standing so quietly before him, he reined in his horse, and touched his hat, which Fink acknowledged by a slight bow.

"'I wish to speak to the proprietor of this estate,' cried the horseman.

"'You must put up with me,' replied Fink; 'I represent him.'

"'Tell him, then, that we have some orders of the Government to carry out in his house,' cried the rider.

"'Would your chivalry permit me to ask what Government has been frivolous enough to give you a message for the Baron Rothsattel? From what I hear, the views taken in this country about Government in general are a little disturbed.'

"'The Polish Central Committee is your, as well as my Government,' replied the rider.

"'You are very good-natured in allowing a Central Committee to dispose of your heads; you will allow us, however, to hold a different opinion on this particular point.'

"'You see that we have the means to enforce obedience to the orders of Government, and I advise you not by opposition to provoke us to use force.'

"'I thank you for this advice, and should be still more obliged, if, in your zeal for your duty, you would not forget that the ground on which you stand is not public, but private property; and that strange horses are only allowed to exercise thereon by consent of the proprietor, which, so far as I know, you have not obtained.'

"'We have had words enough, sir,' cried the rider, impatiently. 'If you are really authorized to represent the proprietor, I require you to open this castle to us without delay, and to deliver up your arms.'

"'Alas!' replied Fink, 'I am under the unpleasant necessity of refusing your request. I would add a hope that you, together with the gentry in shabby boots, ranged behind you there, will leave this place as soon as possible. My young folk are just going to see whether they can hit the mole-hills under your feet. We should be sorry if the bare toes of your companions were to be hurt. Begone, sir!' cried he, suddenly changing his careless tone to one of such vehement anger and scorn, that the Pole's horse reared, and he himself laid his hands on the pistols at his holster.

"During this conversation, the rest of the horsemen and the infantry had drawn nearer, to catch the words.

"More than once a barrel had been lowered, but they had always been pushed back by a few riders in advance of the ranks. At Fink's last words, a wild-looking figure in an old frieze jacket took aim, a shot was heard, and the bullet flew past Fink's cheek, and struck the door behind him. At the same moment a suppressed scream was heard, a flash seen on the top of the tower, and the luckless marksman fell to the ground. The man who had conducted the parley turned his horse, the assailants all fell back, and Fink closed the door. As he turned round, Lenore stood on the first flight of the stairs, the recently discharged gun in her hand, her large eyes fixed wildly upon him. 'Are you wounded?' cried she, beside herself.

"'Not at all, my faithful comrade,' cried Fink.

"Lenore then threw away the gun, and sank at her father's feet, hiding her face on his knees. Her father bent over her, took her head in his hands, and the nervous agitation of the last few hours brought on a convulsive fit of sobbing. His daughter passionately clasped his trembling frame, and silently held him in her arms. There they were—a broken-down existence, and one in which the warm glow of youthful life was bursting into flame.

"Fink looked out of the window; the enemy had retired beyond the range of fire, and were, as it seemed, holding a consultation. Suddenly he stepped up to Lenore, and laying his hand on her arm, said, 'I thank you, dear lady, for having so promptly punished that rascal. And now, I beg you to leave this room with your father. We shall do better, if anxiety on your account does not withdraw our eyes from the enemy.' Lenore shrunk back at his touch, and a warm blush overspread her cheek and brow.

"'We will go,' she said, with downcast eyes. 'Come, my father.' She then led the Baron up-stairs to her mother's room. There she heroically strove to compose herself, sate down by the couch of the invalid, and did not go near Fink again the whole evening."

Of course such an incident as this seals the beautiful Amazon, high-spirited and really noble girl, to be the Herr von Fink's for ever, and completely extinguishes any ambitious hopes the humble and quiet Anton may have ever cherished of wedding the Baron's daughter. We would fain have quoted a softer scene, but, in sooth, there is little love-making in this tale, which rather exemplifies the course of lowly duty and proud principle, amid the temptations of town-life, and the strifes of war, than that over-mastering passion which rules "the camp, the court, the grove." There is a wonderful degree of freshness in the incidents and the style of narration. The business-life of Berlin is depicted with Pre-Raphaelite minuteness of touch—the fellow-clerks of Anton are individualized with remarkable skill, from Pix and Pumpkins down to the pious Baumann, who had a call to become a foreign missionary. Schröter, the head of the firm, is a model of commercial enterprise and integrity; while Anton, the hero, is the very ideal of chivalry in humble life. The end of the villain of the piece is full of melo-dramatic horror, and in keeping with his antecedents. The translation by L. C. C. is admirably executed, for it reads with all the ease of an original, while the turn of thought, illustration, and phraseology are closely German. To the original we have only the objection to urge which we have already hinted, of being restricted in its national and social sympathies. In Herr Freitag's creed, Poles, Jews, and aristocrats are a worthless set of beings, if not something worse. Now, with all our respect for Fatherland (and we think the man is a Christian of an inferior order who does not feel the

impulses of patriotism), and with our known sympathies for an upright democracy, we must, nevertheless, pronounce this Prussian romance as too narrow in its range of national and class predilection. Even Nazareth had its one redeeming inhabitant. In so far as Bunsen adopts the circumscribed and merely Prussian view of civil and social polity advocated here, we must part company with that great statesman. Judging from the strain of this romance, and its wide popularity where-soever German is the vernacular, the battle of races is as likely to be interminable as the conflict of opinions. Little apprehension need ever be entertained of a coalition of Schlave and Teuton for any common object; as little of Celt and Saxon; as little of Scandinavian and Frank. The undying and radical opposition of race to race so noted by ourselves as well as others; but although we recognise the fact, we do not, with Bunsen and his author, hail it as the best possible arrangement in this best possible of worlds. Nevertheless, Bunsen's noble preface will make this edition rank immeasurably above every other. Translator, prefacer, and publisher, have done their work well.

ART. IV.—MONTAIGNE THE ESSAYIST.

Montaigne the Essayist: a Biography. By Bayle St. John. With Illustrations. Vols. I. and II. London: Chapman & Hall. 1858.

IN his Essay on Truth, Lord Bacon has remarked: "There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious; and, therefore, Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word lie should be such a disgrace, and such an odious charge, 'If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much as to say that he is brave towards God, and a coward towards men; for a lie faces God, and shrinks from man.'" This is an instance how rapidly ideas are communicated from one country, and from one great thinker, to another; and the influence which a writer of large, intense, and natural power may exert over the style of thought and language amongst the writers of his own and subsequent ages. It shows, at least, how extensively Montaigne the Essayist became known in England, and with what reverence and authority his name and opinions were received even by his contemporaries. Mr. St. John alludes to this prevalent homage,

and dwells with emphatic frankness in his introductory remarks upon the debt which, with or without acknowledgment, some of our greatest writers owe to the French essayist. "The Essays," it is observed, "are known in substance far beyond the circle of readers who can decipher their idiomatic French, studded with Gascon phrases, or relish the quaint old English translations by Florio and Cotton, however modernized." But to the question of influence. "From Shakspeare and Bacon, down to the humblest essayist, earnest enough to make man the theme of his speculations, we find traces of communion with Montaigne. His acquaintance is sometimes acknowledged, oftener implied. Butler and Pope quote, but Swift and Sterne show that they were familiar with him." But not to their discredit. "To point out that English writers are under obligations to this wonderful speculator," ingenuously admits Mr. St. John, "is not to diminish their value, but to show that it is a debt of gratitude in us to study his career."

The object of Mr. St. John in publishing the present biography, is to enable us to pay back this debt of gratitude, and study the career of this great thinker, whether as a soldier, a courtier, a magistrate, or a recluse student in the solitary tower of the Château de Montaigne in Perigord. Hitherto we have had no complete life of Montaigne, except one of about thirty pages by President Bonhier; and some smaller ones composed of sentences from the Essays, strung together; with that by Hazlitt, prefixed to an edition of the Essays, which is a fair but slight *résumé*. Besides these, there are discussional books, pamphlets of various sizes, on different parts of the Life of Montaigne—Guizot, Villemain, Sainte-Beuve, and Philarète Chasles have all entered the lists—commentaries, or documents found; but every one has hitherto shrunk from the difficult, the tedious task of putting these materials together. The fact, those dusty old antiquaries, though capable of deciphering a document, were incompetent to interpret it, or connect it with one great whole. In fact, Dr. Payer, who has been indefatigable in endeavouring to ferret out documents which might throw light upon the history of this extraordinary man, and who published a valuable series of researches, some four or five years since, on what he calls "The Public Life" of Montaigne, has pronounced that it is as yet impossible to write a biography. It may, therefore, appear presumptuous that any one, especially an Englishman, should have undertaken so bold and arduous a task. No one, however, who reads carefully, and analyzes critically, the first full-length portrait drawn by Mr. St. John, but must admit that he has come well prepared for the labour he has imposed upon himself. He not only

shows himself to be most intimately acquainted with the writings of Montaigne, with the lives of his contemporaries and familiars, with the annals of the times in which he lived, and especially with the history of Gascony at this period: he has exhibited a wonderful power of discrimination, suggestion, and analysis, and has so completely deviated from his predecessors, and so successfully built up his own theory, that we may regard the present life in the light of a perfectly new and original biography. We will endeavour, so far as our space admits, to support this assertion; and the more effectually to make this clear to the reader, we will give a short sketch of the life of the Gascon philosopher.

Michel Montaigne was born on Friday, the last day of February, 1533, "as we now count," says he, "beginning the year in January:" for when he wrote a change had recently been made, the year having previously begun at Easter. His father lived upon his ancestral estates of Montaigne, in Perigord, the birth-place of the illustrious Essayist. The family name was Eyquem, and is frequently alluded to in the history of the province of Guyenne, though much discussion has arisen respecting the origin of the word. "It has been assumed to be essentially of Gascon origin," observes Mr. St. John; "whilst an incautious Englishman might easily be betrayed into claiming Montaigne as a countryman. If we stand aside," he continues, "we may, perhaps, have him handed over to us at last." It must not be forgotten that the English created Guyenne into a province, and occupied it for hundreds of years. "It was easy to make *Eyquem* of *Oakham*; the suggestion is not absurd of *Egham*;" Eyquem, or Oakham, seems plausible enough, since *eich* in German signifies an *oak*, and if we are to be guided by sounds we have the direct word. "*Molière was* of British origin, therefore Montaigne *may* have been. He himself tells us, indeed, that he was connected with an English family; mentions that he had relatives in England; and adds, that in consequence of our long occupation of Guyenne the people of his neighbourhood had much intermarried with us." It is, however, unnecessary to push this investigation further; it would, doubtless, be a great distinction to be able to claim Montaigne as of English origin; we can, however, the better waive the honour, seeing that he has written for the world, and in a cosmopolitan spirit.

Mr. St. John's description of the youth of Montaigne is minute, elaborate, and curious, and affords him an appropriate opportunity of painting the manner in which gentlemen in France were trained and educated at this period. "Towards the middle of the sixteenth century, the subject of education,"

we are told, "had begun to occupy an important share of attention." Up to this time no one had ventured to suggest, that the stupid routine followed in the schools was not the best system of education possible. The father of Michel Montaigne, however, seems to have originated, and courageously carried out, a new method, which obtained a reputation so wide-spread, that it was discussed by the most eminent professors of the day. Without dwelling too much upon this system, we may state, that the health of the body was thought of before the development of the mind, and character before either of the others. The illustrations of some points are rather curious. To teach his son humility, Pierre Eyquem de Montaigne had him held over the baptismal font by persons of the most abject fortune, and the nurse selected to rear him was found in an equally low condition of life. He was to be accustomed to a hard and rugged course of living, and thus descend from what was difficult and unpleasant to what was soft and easy; he was also enjoined to have a respect for, and sympathy with, the "people," and those who were in want of his aid. As Michel Montaigne was a third son, and intended for the law, he was early initiated into the mysteries of the Latin language, and the other branches of the scholastic learning of that day; but it appears he refused to lend himself to the forcing process applied, and came to be looked upon as a stupid boy, although his anxious father had indulged the vain hope of making a prodigy of him. "He instinctively put on the appearance of pedantry," observes his biographer, "to protect him from the attacks of pedantry. His mind was not inactive. What he saw, he saw well; and under a heavy complexion indulged in bold imaginations, and cherished opinions beyond his age. But he was incommunicative, digesting his thoughts in solitude, and keeping his firm 'appreciation' of things to himself. This is why, in his school days, he got among his companions a reputation for absurd pride."

Mr. St. John's chapters on "How Michel studied the Humanities," "Montaigne sent to College," and "His Student Life," are each admirable pictures of college life in Montaigne's days, and show a vast deal of research, so minutely and freshly are they finished. But we must pass on to more stirring times—the rebellion of 1548. And here we must remark, that Mr. St. John is the only one of Montaigne's biographers—as far as we are aware—who has seemed conscious of the connexion which existed between these events and the career of Montaigne. Michelet does not mention it in his "History of France;" and Henri Martin gives it only as an episode. Yet this terrible outbreak explains a great deal which has hitherto

remained a mystery, and links the early experiences of La Boëtie with those of Montaigne.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate the historical events that ushered in the year 1548. Henry II. succeeded Francis in 1547, just as Michel de Montaigne left college. We know not whether the latter visited the court that year in company with his father Pierre Eyquem, to do homage to the new monarch. In 1548, we find him, a lad of from fifteen to sixteen, living at Bordeaux, during a terrible insurrection which occurred there—an insurrection similar in character to, and hardly less fearful in its results than the famous Jacquerie. The influence on the mind of Montaigne of the scenes he witnessed, was doubtless to make him distrustful of extreme principles, and disposed to take shelter under the wing of authority. We have no space to enter into the details of this civil war. The conduct of the French Government towards the Protestants of the province of Guyenne, exasperated them to the last degree; self-preservation drove them to take up arms; the country was thrown into a state of horrible convulsion; town after town rebelled only to be dragooned into submission, and to have their populations cruelly decimated. The Château de Montaigne was situated in the heart of the rebellious district, and exposed to all the chances and changes of those distracted times. Montaigne was present in Bordeaux throughout the terrible events which took place there; he saw Tristan de Moneins, lieutenant of Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre, torn in pieces by the populace for halting between two opinions; he saw La Chassagne, President of the Parliament, curry favour with the victorious party, by consenting to be their minister of vengeance; he saw the streets of that lovely city stream with human blood—the blood of the innocent as well as the guilty; and the lesson must have been instructive to the young Gascon's heart. We have not attempted to reproduce the horrors of that epoch; we venture only to allude to them; barbarities which make us shudder were perpetrated without compunction—without but an exceptional voice or two being raised against the atrocious cruelty; one of those voices, however, was that of Estienne de la Boëtie.

At the early age of twenty-one, Michel de Montaigne became a member of the Cour des Aides of Périgueux, by a special dispensation of the king; but this court, in consequence of intrigues and disputes, was incorporated in the year 1557 with the Parliament of Bordeaux. His name appears on the registers which record the official reception of the new members on the 3rd of December, on which day it is interesting to know that Montaigne became the colleague of La Boëtie,

with whose life he has been so intimately associated. The office of chancellor he held for thirteen years; but during this interval Mr. St. John shows distinctly, what previous biographers have failed to do, that he was an assiduous attendant upon the court at Paris. It is this period of the Essayist's life which the present historian may be said to have almost completely added to the antecedent lives; and the skill and ingenuity he displays in deducing facts from partial or obscure revelations in the writings of Montaigne, and dovetailing them into the whole narrative, is highly meritorious. By other biographers, the life of the Gascon scholar, from 1557 to 1563, is a tissue of vague and doubtful traditions. Mr. St. John removes the doubt and the vagueness, and by interpreting the Essays by a key which is of his own invention, but now has become public property, solves the difficulty at once. We may quote the following passage as an instance of the shrewdness exhibited by Mr. St. John in detecting facts:—

"About July, 1560," we read, "Montaigne was again at the court of Francis II., as we learn in a very round-about manner. In the account of his education he says, 'I met Buchanan in the suite of the Marshal de Brissac, acting as tutor to the young Comte de Brissac.' Now Buchanan returned definitively to Scotland in 1560, and, before that year, had lived with his pupil in Piedmont. In July, 1560, the Maréchal came back to France; so that exactly then, and at no other time, could Montaigne have met Buchanan under these circumstances. In the absence of other accounts of the movements of Montaigne about this period, we are obliged to put up with evidence of this kind: which, however, is conclusive, and which I am surprised no biographer has made use of."—Vol. I., p. 133.

Another instance of the ingenuity of Mr. St. John may be mentioned in the admirable way in which he discovers Montaigne to have been a soldier, a fact hitherto altogether ignored, and yet one which explains an important phase of his character, and enables us to account for the frequency with which military terms, and military allusions, and even military illustrations are adopted in the works of Montaigne.

"In his chapter on 'Presumption' he (Montaigne) says: 'The most notable men I have judged by external appearances have been in respect of war and military capacity the Duke of Guise, who died at Orleans, and the late Marshal Strozzi.' Any one accustomed to Montaigne's way of expressing himself would at once infer that he had served under both these generals, or at any rate had followed their armies. But we are here most concerned with the Marshal Strozzi. That distinguished general, who as Montaigne tells us, always took Cæsar for a model, and was assiduous in studying the 'Commentaries,' was killed on the 20th of June, 1558, at the siege of Thionville. Montaigne, then twenty-

five years of age, was certainly present; and it is not likely he was there in any other character than as a volunteer. Probably he had followed Guise and Strozzi in their successful enterprise against Calais and Guignes. These two generals joined the army of Vielleville, which was laying siege to Thionville, on the 28th of May, and on the 20th of June Maréchal Strozzi was killed."—Vol. I., p. 126.

Slight as these indications are, they prove nevertheless valuable; and by taking advantage of hints thus thrown out, further research may perhaps enable some future biographer to trace Montaigne through many of the scenes of the reigns of Henry II. and his successors.

One of the most charming portions of these two volumes is that which relates the delightful episode of the friendships of Michel Montaigne and Estienne de la Boétie. It is evident from the spirit in which the life of this amiable and excellent Councillor of the Parliament of Bordeaux has been portrayed that neither himself nor his writings have been properly appreciated or understood by those French historians who have undertaken the duty of commenting upon them. In the few chapters which Mr. St. John devotes to the career of this Gascon democrat, he has managed to give a new and fuller sketch of his life, and, in our opinion, to take a right view of La Boétie's admirable treatise on "Voluntary Servitude," a work which has been so frequently assailed and misconstrued, and which did not even escape the mutilating hand of his bosom friend after its author's death. Mr. St. John clearly shows, which ought to have been clear to every critic before, that this work is not the production of a youth of sixteen or eighteen, as the apologists of La Boétie assert; but that it is the studied composition of a man of ripe years, large experience, wide sympathies, and eminently a scholar. The picture of his last hours as represented in these pages is very affecting. Montaigne was present throughout the whole period of his friend's illness, and continued with him to the last. "La Boétie even remained as present with Montaigne in death as in life; and without any wish to depreciate the sincerity of the Essayist, I may even say," remarks Mr. St. John, "that his friendship appears to have deepened and taken a higher tone when he took up his pen and began to write. The chapter on 'Friendship' is a noble work; and almost everywhere throughout the Essays, when La Boétie is alluded to, we are touched, and our sympathies are aroused."

Passing on from an admirable chapter on the relations of the "Pleiad" with Montaigne, and the observations on the manners of the court at this time, the development of literature, &c.—which exhibit a large acquaintance with contem-

porary writers, and in the use of which Mr. St. John adopts his own original mode of criticism—we will contemplate Montaigne as an amateur author. How is it, we may justly ask, that so little attempt has hitherto been made to trace the gradual unfolding of Montaigne's mind? Surely it is unjust to the human race to treat with neglect or contempt the earlier productions of men who have subsequently acquired a high place in the Temple of Fame. Though their claim to immortality may not rest upon these first efforts, yet to the student of the human mind it is a pleasing and encouraging study to trace the development of the different intellectual faculties and the modifications they undergo by education and experience. Mr. St. John admits nothing to be too trivial which throws the least light on the character, the career, or the mental growth of Montaigne; and it is indeed censurable that in all biographies the history of the child's mind and character should not be dwelt upon as well as the character and mind of the full man.

"About 1567 there happened a remarkable accident in the intellectual life of Montaigne," observes his biographer. "Despite the example of his friend La Boëtie, he does not seem up to this time to have practised the art of writing, except, perhaps, as a pastime or an exercise." It appears that his father's house had always been a place of learned resort; he received studious men under his roof as if they were sacred characters; and "his respect," observes his son, with quiet humour, "was in equal ratio with his ignorance." Among the visitors at the Tour de Montaigne was Pierre Brunel, who came during the boyhood of Michel, and stayed some days with Pierre Eyquem. As a parting-gift, when about to quit Montaigne, he bestowed upon his worthy host a book, entitled "*Theologia Naturalis, sive Liber Creaturarum Magistri Raimondi de Sebonde.*" The object of the writer was to prove by human arguments, not only the existence of God, but the necessity of faith in revealed religion, and even to base what are called mysteries on reason. The book for the time was laid aside; but shortly before his death, Pierre Eyquem "commanded his son to do it into French." It was written in a hybrid tongue, a sort of Spanish, with Latin terminations. Pierre seems to have been so pleased with his son's work, that he determined on having it printed; but this was not carried into effect until after his death. When, however, the publication of the translation threw him into connexion with the booksellers and publishers, Montaigne resolved to collect, as a tribute of friendship, all the works of La Boëtie which contained nothing of a dangerous character, and publish them. The manner in which he executed his task has been severely

censured. His natural timidity, or political scruples, induced him to expunge passages which might be objectionable to the ruling powers, and otherwise alter and corrupt the productions of his friend.

"Had he really been an industrious friend," observes Mr. St. John, "he would have performed the duty long before, and not waited for the spread of the civil war to render the appearance of the treatise on 'Voluntary Servitude' inopportune. . . . Montaigne at that time clearly had the intention of suppressing his friend's important work altogether. After the St. Bartholomew, the Protestants, made quite republican by despair and just indignation, published the treatise; and it is possible that Montaigne, partly from compunction of conscience towards his friend, partly from horror, which he was obliged to dissimulate, communicated a copy for the purpose to some Huguenot acquaintance."

Subsequently, Montaigne did greater justice to his friend and posterity, though he cannot forbear apologizing for the production of a work so republican in its tendency, and even asserting that it was a youthful escapade—an error into which subsequent commentators and biographers, placing too implicit a confidence in the assertions of earlier writers, have not failed to fall.

It is not our intention, as it is incompatible with our limits, to enter into the origin and development of the *Essays*, which are the great monument of Montaigne's powers, and upon which principally his reputation is based. Mr. St. John has carefully and distinctly described the gradual process by which the Gascon gentleman became a man of letters—a duty from which those who have only written parts of his life have felt themselves exempt; he has penetrated into the sources whence his inspiration came; he has examined the materials, as it were, of which the *Essays* were composed, and introduced us into the studio of the Essayist, with the scraps and notes lying around him to be elaborated and moulded into social and moral treatises. He has also given us his own appreciation of them, entered into a minute and particular criticism of their merits, classified them in a simple and natural manner, and connected them with the political and religious opinions of the time. The idea which has hitherto prevailed, that Montaigne kept himself aloof from public and courtly life, that he rarely ventured forth from his château, has proved fatal to the general commentators on his works, who, ignoring the activity of his life, the extent of his movements, the keenness of his glance, have failed also to look for allusions to himself in his printed writings. Yet, as Mr. St. John clearly shows, nothing is so frequent as allusions to himself, his position, his troubles, his experiences, whether

political, social, domestic, or religious. We are also indebted to Mr. St. John for dwelling so much at length upon his travels in Italy, and for the illustrations of Montaigne's character, which he has brought together, whilst all of his important letters have been either translated or explained. The travels of Montaigne not only give a new feature to the work—they are highly curious and interesting. We are surprised to see one accused of scepticism kissing the Pope's toe, and visiting the shrine of the Madonna of Loretto. The truth is, hitherto this passage of his life has been neglected by Catholics, as well as the Voltairian school. For both he reveals too much; he is too honourable a servant to be accepted by the latter, whilst he shocks the former by an affected simplicity, in which he exposes the follies and abuses of the Church of Rome.

We have necessarily very slightly sketched the life of Montaigne; we have not as yet touched upon his character. We have purposely forbore to do so on the present occasion. Mr. St. John has allowed his pen to fall lightly upon his vices; yet he is not altogether indulgent. We extract the following passage, which we think shows the man in his earlier career; and if anything is required to alter it for his declining years, we must remember that he became dissatisfied with the world, whilst he repudiated ascetism, and that whilst his speculations tended more and more towards doubt and uncertainty, he turns to the superstitions of the church:—

“For my part,” says Mr. St. John, “I find two men in Montaigne, such as he appears to me at the prime of life—the man of wide capacity of mind, vivid imagination, humorous but solid character, nimble judgment, and natural faculty of expression, who would have made himself remarkable in any age or country, and who supplies that part of his Essays which makes him kin to the whole world—but also the man of his age and country; the somewhat ungrateful heir of Rabelais, the forerunner of Bayle and Voltaire; the experienced courtier, who despised kings, because he knew their manners, but had no enthusiasm to object to the institution of monarchy; the lawyer who cared too little for law to espouse its prejudices, and sat half apart, like a quiet man in society, observing absurdities, which others hotly and unconsciously acted; the half-convinced Catholic, who looked upon reform as a disturbance, but who, when, like an honest man, he turned round to examine his own convictions, saw them vanishing in the distance; the stern thinker in morals; the cheerful and somewhat lax actor; the incomplete *savant*, who despised pedantry; the eloquent writer, who felt that his idiom was not formed, and disdained to form it; idle and industrious by turns; of prodigious memory, yet fond of accusing himself of want of memory when he forgot anything; the easy-going Gascon gentleman, who from fear of shipwreck in the storm

he saw gathering—for Saint Bartholomew was then darkening the air as it approached—retired to his comfortable home in an out-of-the-way district, and partly as an excuse for his timidity, set to work philosophizing, under the protection of powerful friends and a long-established reputation for probity.”—Vol. I., p. 301.

Michel Montaigne died on the 13th of September, 1592, at his Château de Montaigne, and was buried there; but subsequently his ashes were removed and deposited in the chapel of the Feuillans, at Bordeaux. We regret our limits will not permit us to dwell more at length upon the principal features of his life. We can assure our readers they will find Mr. St. John's work charmingly, whilst it is calmly and impartially written, and as we have already shown it, full of new views and original matter. Mr. St. John's researches have not been confined to old parchments and dusty folios. He has visited the château itself, entered the Tour de la Montaigne, breathed the air of the library, made personal inquiries on the spot, and gathered what local information he could. This has given a double interest to his life of Montaigne—an interest which will not fail to penetrate and absorb the general reader.

ART. V.—THE POSITIVE SIDE OF MODERN DEISM.

1. *An Essay on Intuitive Morals. Part I., Theory of Morals.* London: Longmans. 1855.
2. *An Essay on Intuitive Morals. Part II., Practice of Morals. Book I., Religious Duty.* London: Chapman. 1857.
3. *Theism, Doctrinal and Practical.* By Francis W. Newman. London: Chapman. 1858.

THE history of recent controversies demonstrates only too conclusively that in modern times the faith of the church in God and his truth has been sadly deficient in robustness and vigour. Passing by all other struggles, with what dismay the hearts of multitudes were filled a few years ago by the energy, hopefulness, and apparent popularity of the school of spiritualistic Theists, represented in England by Mr. Francis Newman, and by Mr. Emerson in America. Sermons, speeches, lectures, review articles, were all full of the new heresy. It was a prominent topic of conversation in all private companies, and of solemn debate in public assemblies, synods, and convocations. Grave men uttered prophecies of approaching disaster; eloquent champions of the truth preached a new crusade against the infidel hosts which were threatening the

true holy land of Christendom; and some faint-hearted people were absolutely panic-stricken, as though Christ and the Christian Scriptures, and the precious results of long centuries of Christian learning and labour, were about to be driven suddenly from the world. Young men began to think that the faith of their fathers was on the eve of some wonderful transformation, and waited with feverish excitement to see what form Christianity would assume in order to confront and destroy this new and terrible enemy.

We have now more than recovered our calmness and self-possession. Mr. Newman's most powerful book, "The Soul," was published, as he reminds us in the preface to his "Theism," about nine years ago; and since then, it is certain that in England, at any rate, there has been a vast increase, both of the interior energy of the church, and of her influence on all classes of the community. Our fears have vanished, and we are animated by a courage and fired by a hope which, we trust, are the omens of great spiritual triumphs. When another campaign opens, we shall enter upon it with all the strength inspired by the conviction that the spirit of victory hovers above our standards.

The church will be better prepared for the conflict, as well as more hopeful about its issue. During the last few years, some forgotten truths, of vast power, have emerged from obscurity, and have modified the general structure of our theological opinions. We refer especially to the revival of the great idea, that Christ personally is the foundation of human hope, and the source of all spiritual strength and joy. One theological school, which justly claims respect for the high culture and the great earnestness of its leaders, and which is rapidly growing in numbers and influence, might adopt as the adequate symbol and expression of its doctrinal mission, "Christ"—not doctrine about Christ—"is our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." Broad as are the distinctions which separate such men as Mr. Maurice and Mr. Harvey Goodwin, they agree in asserting as the most important truth they have to deliver, that we are saved by faith in Christ, not by subscription to a creed. Indeed, religious men, holding antagonistic opinions on the traditional controversies of the church, episcopalians of every school, and nonconformists of every sect, Calvinists and Arminians, are coming to see that the battle-cry of Christendom should not be an ecclesiastical dogma, but a Divine Person. To Mr. Emerson's constantly recurring charge, that we "dwell with noxious exaggeration about the person of Jesus," we have replied by confessing that our forgetfulness of Him has been our crime, our folly, our weakness, and our curse.

In every region of the church, the currents of thought are setting with new strength in the direction that Emerson deplored.

We endeavoured very recently to show the value and importance of the systematic and logical treatment of Divine truth, and expressed grave apprehensions that serious mischief will come from the present fashion of unduly and recklessly disparaging systematic theology; but the dangers against which we then delivered our earnest warning, have evidently arisen from the reaction against the attempt to enthrone a scheme of doctrine in the place of Christ, to comprehend all truth in a sharply defined creed, and to reduce all the mysteries of heaven and earth within the limits of a score or two of syllogisms. There can be no real controversy between a theory of truth honestly derived from the New Testament, and that spirit of faith and loyalty towards a living and glorious Christ which animated the writings as well as the lives of the apostles.

The advantages, however, to be derived from clearly understanding, and firmly asserting, that the mission of the church is not to discourse on the philosophy of the spiritual universe, but to deliver her testimony to the grand facts of Christ's history; that her apostles are witnesses rather than speculative divines, and preach a Gospel to sinful men, instead of developing a complete and harmonious theory of man's relation to the Infinite,—the advantages, we say, to be derived from drawing a firm line between the facts recorded in the New Testament, which are eternal and Divine, and all later theories based on them, which, however true, are simply human, are immeasurable. In this way, the precise limits of the controversy between Christianity and those who deny or question her claims, will be made more determinate; and it will be a great gain when both parties see clearly that the true question between them is, whether Christ be or be not the true moral Ruler and Saviour of mankind. He claims to be this; His apostles gladly endured torture and death in their daring and heroic endeavour to assert His royalty, and to spread the tidings of His grace; and the true mission of the church is to uphold these claims, by teaching and practice, until the whole world shall recognise them. It is well that scepticism should understand that its work has not been begun, though all our creeds should be shattered into atoms, until the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ is successfully impugned, and His power to remove the curse of human sin, and to purify the human heart, disproved. And we ourselves shall conduct the struggle with a more hopeful and resolute spirit, if our hearts are permanently impressed with the con-

viction that no mere abstractions, but the claims of the living Christ, are the occasion of the strife. We think that both Mr. Newman and the author of the very remarkable book, "Intuitive Morals," have found out the true nature and condition of the sceptical controversy, and are disposed to abandon mere minute criticism of the present forms of Christian philosophy and theology for a broader and more vigorous policy. If it can be demonstrated on historical grounds, that Jesus Christ, when He was in the world, offered no satisfactory evidence that He had received a Divine commission, and that since He has left the world, He has done nothing to purify human nature, of course infidelity is triumphant. Or if, on the other hand, it can be shown that no such Divine intervention as we affirm to be recorded in the sacred Scriptures was necessary, either to atone for our guilt, or rescue us from the power of sin, we must confess that the cause of Christianity is ruined.

It is the second of these two propositions that Mr. Newman and the author of "Intuitive Morals" have endeavoured to maintain; and accordingly, we have in these two books the results of the labours of two accomplished, sincere, and earnest men, to devise a substitute for Christ and Christianity. In other words, they have exhibited, in a systematic form, the *positive side of Modern Deism*.

We have placed the two books together, because to all the great questions which are preferred by the spirit of man concerning God and its future destiny, they return substantially the same answers. Mr. Newman, too, refers more than once to that "noble treatise entitled 'Intuitive Morals,'" and speaks of it as uniting "the rigour of the Stoic with the seraphic fire of the Calvinist and the human sympathy of the Unitarian Christian."

We shall have occasion to show how greatly our opinions differ from those of the author whom Mr. Newman so lavishly commends; and are the more anxious, therefore, to express the high admiration with which we have read very many passages in his eloquent and ingenious essay. Its interest and value are greatly increased by the breadth and variety of the reading by which the author sustains and illustrates his reasonings; Zoroaster the Persian and Menu the Hindoo, Plato the heathen and Paul the Christian, Chrysostom and Theodore Parker, Hobbes and Thomas à Kempis, are only a handful out of the sheaf of authors to whom the text or the notes refer us.

Mr. Newman's book is written in a form which, we think, only a very few readers will admire; almost its only merit is the necessity under which, we think, it has laid him, to express

his convictions definitely and concisely. We cannot imagine, however, what could have induced an author of Mr. Newman's culture and experience to write a system of ethics and of theology in "unrhymed metre." Even if successfully executed, the style is not adapted to a grave treatise, whatever may be its resources for the purposes of translations from the Greek and Latin poets; but we have quite missed, except in occasional passages, the melodious movement and rhythm which the printing leads us to expect. Occasionally there is a sweet and musical line, and occasionally Mr. Newman has ventured to adopt a richness and stateliness of style, which the very simple texture of his ordinary prose would scarcely have admitted; but through paragraph after paragraph we have quite failed to catch any cadence or harmony. The eye promises music, but the ear declares that music there is none. Much of the thought is so just and beautiful, that we exceedingly regret Mr. Newman has so disguised and disfigured it.

But, as we have already intimated, both books are valuable, as exhibiting in a detailed and systematic form the highest and last results of Modern Deism. Not, indeed, that any thoughtful man would affirm that the noble convictions, and the noble aspirations, which are here declared to be the natural growth of the human soul, owe nothing to that glorious revelation which has purified and elevated all the philosophy and ethics of Christendom. One of the most beautiful demonstrations of the boundless worth and universal benignity of the Christian faith, is the genial influence it has exerted even over those who have denied its claims. Christianity has suffused with light the very clouds which have striven to conceal her splendour. Truths which owe their certainty, if not their original discovery, to apostles and prophets, have now become the common property of mankind, and are as highly prized by the infidel as by the believer.

Hence it need occasion no surprise that the Christian will find much to admire in the doctrines of men who profess no loyalty, but determined hostility, to the religion of Christ. And as truth is not the less true because spoken by a heretic, or an unbeliever, we shall freely commend what we think admirable in these volumes, as well as freely censure what we think false, unjust, and pernicious.

In the general principles of the ethical system adopted by our Modern Deists we can find very much to approve; in their application of these principles to God's government of the world, they are grievously at fault. We are thankful for the high and firm tone in which the "Essay" asserts the eternity and unchangeableness of moral distinctions; and are

ashamed to remember, that in the highest schools of Christian learning in the land, the awful significance of the antagonism between right and wrong should have been systematically obscured and degraded. We have been equally gratified with the manner in which the transition is effected between the discussion of "man's obligation to obey the eternal right," and man's obligation to do the will of God.

The distinctions between right and wrong are affirmed to belong necessarily to the actions and sentiments of rational beings, just as the distinctions of equality and inequality belong to numbers, of straightness and crookedness to lines. On these distinctions the moral law is founded; and the obligation to obey it is "the fundamental postulate of sound ethics—a necessary truth given in the nature of man, and incapable of demonstration as the axioms of geometry." But this being granted, the question immediately arises, and cannot be put aside, What relation does this law bear to the will of God?—surely the most terribly solemn inquiry in which man or angel can be involved. In the buoyant thoughtlessness of youth the question may be flung aside with defiant carelessness, and with loud protestations of loyalty to the Right, no matter though the thunders of Heaven are on the other side; but if, when the whole soul is in the agony of its struggles against evil, the possibility of the Infinite and Eternal One being vacillating in his maintenance of the good cause, or positively hostile to it, is for a moment admitted, keen, fiery torments would be a welcome exchange for the dull, paralyzing horror inflicted by the doubt.

In the following passage this dark difficulty is fairly disposed of:—

"As I have so often repeated, the distinctions of right and wrong are necessary, existing in the things which are right and wrong, as straightness and crookedness in lines, evenness and unevenness in numbers. God, who knows all things, must needs know this distinction. It must be perfectly clear to Him, what kind of government of the universe would be right, and what would be wrong; and if He be perfectly cognisant of these real distinctions, it is not hard for us to find evidence that His character is such that He will always do the right and never the wrong. For this purpose we need not have recourse to arguments of the necessary holiness of a pure will, untrammelled by any lower nature; neither need we gather up from this beautiful and happy universe the proofs of the beneficence of its Creator: we have evidence of His character nearer and clearer even than these. These hearts of ours, which God has made, what is it which they are compelled, by their nature, to revere and love? Is it not justice, benevolence, purity, truth? Must not He, then, be *that* which He has made them adore? What is it they spontaneously despise and scorn? Is it not injustice, malevolence, impurity,

falsehood? Is it possible, then, that any action of His can partake, be it never so remotely, of those characteristics which he has forced us to condemn and abhor? In whatever way we envisage the moral attributes of God, this blessed fact that He is *our* Creator, meets us as the response to our questioning. Do we want to know whether the distinctions of right and wrong, as they appear to our puny intellects, are identical with the distinctions perceived by His omniscience? The answer is clear. That knowledge which *we* possess *He* gave. Our intuition is His tuition. The fundamental axioms of the reason were given by Him to afford us a basis of thought. Even the inductions of the understanding are all drawn by the mental machinery with which He has provided us, from the visible universe His hands had made. When, honestly and carefully, we have arrived at the conviction that 'truth is right,' we may confidently trace back that conviction to God. Our knowledge of the fact is a mere reflex of His knowledge, such as He has been pleased to give us. To suppose that it is fallacious, is to attribute to Him the most horrible deception. And fallacious it would be, if increased knowledge were to prove that what we thought right were wrong, or that what we thought wrong for us were right for others. The only difference which can exist between Divine and human knowledge of moral distinctions is, that God knows *all* the goodness of good—*all* the evil of evil, and we know but a part of either. But *that* part we know truly. As we advance in knowledge throughout our immortality, we shall see more and more the goodness of justice and benevolence, the evil of injustice and malevolence; we can never see less good in the first—less evil in the second. We contemplate an action of God now, and we know it to be good; hereafter we shall see tenfold more goodness in it. But it can never come to pass, that when we behold all its bearings we shall find aught which in our heart of hearts we should call less than absolutely good.

"Again, do we want to know whether, while He *beholds* the same moral distinctions as ourselves, He will always *choose* the right? Whether that lawful, self-sustained, despotic will, which rules the heavens, is always determined by the intrinsic rightfulness of every act? There, again, as I have said, we are answered by the fact that it is He alone who has breathed into our hearts that reverence for the right which makes us restless till we see it throned in and with Him. It is He who has taught us to bow our souls only to that 'sceptre of His kingdom which is a right sceptre,' and to loathe and despise the most powerful of despots who should not determine his actions by the eternal law."—Pp. 15—17.

But when it is granted that God is absolutely just and benevolent, there is a further inquiry, namely, What relation does human nature bear to His will? What share had its production in His designs when he created our race. We shall venture to trouble our readers with the early part of the argument in which this question is discussed, and greatly regret that we have not space for the whole:—

"God having actually created such free and fallible moral beings, it remains to consider what end He can have had in view in their creation. Did he make us for His own sake, or for the sake of any other beings in the universe, or for our own sakes? It is strange that a question like this should need formal response; yet how often do we hear the phrase, 'God does so-and-so for His own glory,' used in a manner which reveals the speaker's conviction that the act in question does actually enhance the 'glory' of the Supreme; and that the said 'glory' is something desirable to Him! Now, when we attempt to analyze the idea conveyed by this ambiguous word, we find that it presents two different impressions, according as we use it respective or irrespective of witnesses. Apart from the admiration or cognisance of any intelligent being, 'glory' can mean nothing but intrinsic wisdom, justice, and goodness. To say, then, in this sense of the word, that God does an act for 'His glory,' only means that He does it because it is wise, just, or good; and the perfection and felicity of God being absolute and incapable of receiving additions, it is manifest that the wisdom, justice, and goodness of His acts can have reference only to the creatures towards whom they are exercised, and in no degree to His own character.

"But if we understand 'glory' with reference to the witnesses of glorious things, and talk of the 'glory of God' as consisting in the reverence, admiration, and homage of intelligent beings, then to say that 'He acts for the sake of such glory,' is not, as in the former case, to use a vague and inaccurate phraseology, but fearfully to derogate from the Divine character. What! shall we despise a man who acts justly or benevolently, merely for the sake of admiration, and shall we dare to attribute such a motive to the Infinitely Pure? Shall we condemn a man (a man who has equals for admirers) if he build an almshouse for sake of applause,—and shall we venture to affirm that He whose ineffable happiness could not be increased by the united hallelujahs of the created universe, has yet designed and built the starry heavens for no more noble a purpose.

"And if not for his 'glory,' neither can it be for 'free pleasure,' nor 'arbitrary preterition,' that God could have made man. We have no ground to believe there is room for such things in His nature. Whatever is good and just, that we know to be the pleasure and choice of God; but to attribute to Him any other pleasure or choice is gross anthropomorphism. Goodness is the nature of God, and God is personified essential goodness. We know of Him nothing more.

"If God did not make us for His own sake, still less could He have made us for the sake of any other order of beings in the universe. So far as we are aware, there is no class of beings above ourselves to whose welfare we contribute; and it would be absurd to suppose us made for the advantage of the lower animals,—the greater for the less. Even were it otherwise, with respect to beings above and below us, and we had reason to believe ourselves of essential consequence to their happiness, still it could never be admitted that any sentient, far less intelligent link in the chain

was made solely for the sake of the rest; if so, why the whole chain?

"Man, then, was created for his own sake,—that is, for some end proper to himself. His Creator being just and good, but two such ends could be designed—either his virtue or his happiness."

It may be necessary to add, that while the proposition that God's chief end in creation was the promotion of His own glory, is obvious to the objections urged in the preceding extract—unanswerable objections as they seem to us, notwithstanding what Jonathan Edwards has written on the other side—it would be scarcely fair to charge all the theologians who have used this language with the moral absurdities which might be logically evolved from it. Still less fairly can these absurdities be imputed to the millions of unlearned Christian people, who, knowing that it is their highest duty to yield to God the homage of loyal obedience and reverent affection, and happy trust, and lowly worship, imagine that what includes the last results of all their holiness and virtue, the glory of the Creator, must be His own chief end in creation.

And although the language may easily and naturally suggest a false and pernicious meaning, it is also susceptible of a very different interpretation. It may be and often is intended to convey the same idea that is expressed, when it is affirmed that God pardons sin or relieves misery for *His own sake*,—unprompted except by the impulses of His own merciful heart, unconstrained by any obligation arising from the moral worth of those on whom He confers His gracious benediction.

And men speak of God acting for His own glory when they mean that for the moral benefit of the intelligent and responsible universe, He reveals in act the grandeur of His power, the infinite depths of his wisdom, the steadfastness of His justice, or the "unsearchable riches of His grace." "To know God is eternal life." This is true, not only of sinful men, but of the happy multitudes that people the palaces of heaven. Their true wealth does not consist in any material riches which the bountiful hand of God may have bestowed upon them. The mansions in which they reign are worthless, compared with that vast inheritance of truth, ever accumulating as the ages roll by, which is the common property of the glorified.

Nor should we ever forget that God governs us not merely by His law but by His *character*. Powerful as are the motives to do the right which spring from the curse and the blessing which are appended to every command, a sublimer and more constraining energy belongs to what we may venture, perhaps, to call the example of the Lawgiver. In the calm strength of God's affection for righteousness, and His resolute purpose

to uphold its authority—in the grand spectacle of almighty power, unerring wisdom, and supreme majesty, steadfastly and unswervingly adhering to the cause of goodness, “from everlasting to everlasting,” is far more important aid to the well-doing of God’s creatures, than even in the prospect of the glittering walls of the city of joy on the one hand, and of the dark gates of eternal perdition on the other. If the impossible alternative were presented to the spiritual universe, of being threatened with the destruction of the ancient links between suffering and sin, bliss and goodness, or losing the moral support of God’s personal fidelity to His holy law, but one choice would be possible; from the innumerable abodes of the righteous would come the firm and unfaltering response, that the quenching of the fires of hell and the darkening of the glories of heaven, would inflict but slight dismay, compared with the lapse of God even into momentary transgression.

Hence the development of God’s interior life is the great necessity and the great blessedness of the universe. In His presence alone is the fulness either of created joy or strength. The manifestation of His attributes is the richest gift He can confer upon His creatures; and “glory” is but *revealed perfection*.

With these supplementary explanations, we think that the chapter from which the last extract is taken contains the very essence of the answer that should be given to the question it was intended to solve.

The nature of the distinction between right and wrong in human conduct is, however, but one branch of ethical inquiry; one of the most valuable passages in Sir James Mackintosh’s “Dissertation,” is that in which he discriminates between this and the “Theory of the Moral Sentiments.” On the nature of conscience, there is very little in either of the works which we are noticing that deserves commendation or needs remark. In both, the moral faculty is described as the voice of God in the human soul:—

“For when we are tempted to sin and follow inclination to evil,
A voice within forbids, and summons us to refrain;
And if we bid it to be silent, it yet is not still; it is not in our control.

It acts without our order, without our asking, against our will.
It is *in* us, it belongs to us, but it is not *of* us: it is *above* us.
Perseverance in evil may deaden our ear or stifle that voice.
If, indeed, there is wickedness to which conscience never speaks.
But *while* it recalls from evil, and reproaches us for evil,
And is not silenced by an effort, surely it is not *we*:
Yet it is a moral force, such as pervades all moral minds,
Being in you as it is in me, and as it was in men deceased.”

Subsequently, Mr. Newman acknowledges that this Divine voice in the soul is imperfect, liable to be choked, to be weakened or strengthened, or to be in some sense perverted; no explanation, however, is given of this startling doctrine, that the very utterance of God may not only be silenced, which is conceivable, but actually corrupted and falsified.

The inspiration theory of conscience is unsound philosophically, and worthless in practice. Man's nature was originally constructed, so that the moral faculty should be necessarily developed by the activities and relationships of life, just as the various powers of the understanding are developed by the stimulus appropriate to each. The insignia of imperial authority with which conscience is invested, the majesty with which she claims the allegiance of our entire nature, are essential to the functions she is commissioned to discharge. But the authority of her tone, and her resistance, for a time at least, of all attempts to pervert her judgments, or to bribe her into silence, no more prove that she is "not of us," but "above us," than the still sterner resistance which the logical understanding would offer, if we endeavoured to compel it to abjure its belief, that the square on the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares on the base and perpendicular, would prove that those unconsecrated Gibeonites of the soul, the discursive faculties, though "in us," are "not of us," but "above us." Every proof that can be asked for may be had, to demonstrate that the moral faculty is as truly a part of our nature, "of us," as well as "in us," as any other faculty. Its development is gradual, and it is capable of violent injury and silent decay; it may be strengthened by culture and enfeebled by neglect; its health and vigour are affected by the general condition of the moral system. It is by struggle with evil, experience of the misery that afflicts both the wrongdoer and his victim, and the discipline of laborious virtue, that conscience acquires power. The theory of Dr. David Hartley, as developed and modified by Sir James Mackintosh, recognises all these facts—the theory of Mr. Newman ignores them.

Though we are obliged to omit very much that we had intended to say, we cannot pass by the theory of Evil, which is formally developed in the "Essay," and professed, we believe, by Mr. Newman—a theory which introduces confusion into ethics, and the most dangerous heresies into religion. We prefer the words of the "Essay" to our own:—

"Moral evil, then, philosophically considered, is simply the weakness, the non-exertion of the *homo noumenon*. It is not a *positive* thing at all. It is not a choice of sin by the *higher* self, for that

self can, by the very necessity of its nature, legislate only the universal moral law. It is not a choice of sin by the *lower* self, for that self is by its nature immoral, unfree, and incapable of determining its choice with any reference to moral distinctions; but solely according to its interests and their solicitations. Moral evil, therefore, is a mere *negation*, the *absence* of virtue, of the strength, the valour of the higher self, by which it ought always to execute that law which it always wills, and overcomes the *vis inertiae* opposed to it by the lower self."—P. 96.

There are two grave errors in this paragraph; and we believe that the entire system of Modern Deism is poisoned by them: First, that the innermost life of man, his true self is always faithful to the law of right, though sometimes, perhaps often overborne by the inferior passions; secondly, that as evil arises simply from deficient strength in the *homo noumenon*, or man's true self, it is a negative not a positive thing.

We are wholly at a loss to understand how it is that men who know anything of the horrible wickedness which is being perpetrated day after day all the world over, can be satisfied with so shallow and paltry a theory of Evil as this. If men were always driven into vice by a hurricane of passion, if their sin were always followed by loathing and disgust, and an earnest desire and firm resolution to do better in the future, there would be some reason in talking about the will of man being always faithful to the highest law. But when we know that men are systematically guilty of falsehood, trickery, and theft, for the sake of an extra two and a half per cent. profit on their trade returns; that licentious villany is deliberately planned; that there is such a thing in the world as fiendish satisfaction in the offering of insult, the infliction of mental suffering, and of physical torture; we can only look with silent astonishment on these amiable philosophers who calmly assure us that—spite of all the wickedness we see—the will of man is always loyal to the right.

Nor can we see why generosity should be called a positive, and selfishness a merely negative thing; purity a real excellence, and lust merely the void left by the absence of its opposite virtue. There are as many signs of robustness and reality about the passion of revenge, as about the spirit of mercy. If the one is a radiant angel from heaven, to be welcomed with thanksgiving and joy, the other is no shadow, but a fiend from hell, to be fought against and cast out. Are Mr. Newman and the author of the "Essays" so happily constituted that they find no real evil in their hearts to be struggled against, only a deficiency of virtue to be supplied?

Around this inadequate theory of the nature of evil, a whole

group of the most mischievous errors has naturally gathered. Conceptions of sin so imperfect are necessarily associated with utterly untenable doctrines concerning the relation between the moral government of God and sinful men. Against the awful declarations in the Scriptures concerning the finally impenitent, both Mr. Newman and the author of the "Essay" vehemently and bitterly protest; it is, according to the latter,

"A horror which no proof imaginable could make credible."

But it is obvious that this tempestuous enmity against the Scripture doctrine concerning the future of the wicked, is closely allied to the mild and feeble representations of the nature of Evil, on which we have already animadverted. If men will not believe that there are appalling crimes in this world, they will not believe that there are appalling penalties in the next. Or, if by any philosophical theory the reality of man's present wickedness is explained away, all fear of future retribution will perish.

As yet we are on the very threshold of the subject on which these volumes have led us to enter; and at present we are unable to prosecute it further. Having, however, exhibited the ethical theory on which the system of Modern Deism is based, we propose to embrace the earliest opportunity to deal with the spiritualistic superstructure. We have tried to avoid everything which could irritate or repel either the authors of these volumes or their disciples and friends; but we beg them not to mistake our motive or our end. We might have justly rebuked their misrepresentations of the Christian system; and smiled at the majestic tone in which they have uttered ancient commonplaces as though they were quite recent revelations from the spiritual world; but we are anxious that our Christian readers should consider dispassionately what has been gravely advanced as the positive faith of their opponents, and that unbelievers should have no ground for complaining that we have misrepresented or insulted their creed. We have looked more diligently for what we could approve than for what we should be compelled to censure. In the same spirit we shall try to finish what, in this article, has been only begun.

ART. VI.—THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

1. *A Treatise on the Cure of Stammering ; with a general account of the various Systems for the Cure of Impediments in Speech.* By James Hunt, Ph. D., M.R.S.L. London : Longmans & Co.
2. *Vocal Gymnastics ; or a Guide for Stammerers, and for Public Speakers and others.* By G. F. Urling. London : Churchill.

THE above-named works are put forth by rival professors of the art of curing *blaesitas*, otherwise *alalia*, and we must hesitate in deciding between their pretensions, since, for though they have given us abundant testimonies of skill on both sides, they have neither expounded their own systems, nor given us any evidence whereby we might ascertain which is best. Mr. Hunt cordially abuses Mr. Urling, and Mr. Urling as heartily defines Mr. Hunt's defects ; where the real dignity attaches cannot be determined by their works, as neither of them presents anything worthy of the subject.

That the scientific study of the causes of stammering and a full investigation of the means of cure are strongly demanded, no one will deny who has stammering friends, or who stutters himself. There are, says Mr. Hunt, 200,000 stutterers in the world, and five regiments of them in London. Fortunately, they are not drawn out for our defence ; for, if they hesitated before the enemy, what would become of us ? or what of themselves if beaten ? They would all be bayoneted before they could cry, " Mercy ! "

It is, however, no trifling matter. There are so few employments in which stammering and stuttering are not impediments to success, that it becomes a grievous thing when any member of a family is so afflicted. All the professions nearly exclude such persons. We have known several highly educated and energetic young men unable to avail themselves of appointments in the public service in consequence, and they have fallen into the shady background of society, conscious only of defect while still endowed with mental qualities that would otherwise have enabled them to shine in the fore-front as their proper place.

" The constant and immediate superintendence of an instructor, experienced in the system founded on physiological principles, is the only method of entirely conquering this defect ; the most elaborate efforts at written explanations being obviously valueless where cases so widely differ, and, consequently, require such various instructions." So says Mr. Hunt. (p. 62.)

We must acknowledge that Mr. Urling and Mr. Hunt very

properly urge the importance of *virâ voce* training, and we doubt not that they are equally expert, and about equally successful, in their methods; but yet we have known a few individuals who have so far conquered the difficulty by studying the physiology of the matter for themselves, and persistingly endeavouring to carry out their efforts to apply their knowledge in their own cases, that we think an explicit manual for stammerers, written by one well-versed in the theory and practice of the subject, would be a highly valuable boon to the public. There are various useful hints in the works named above, but something more explicit and practical is still a desideratum. Both Mr. Hunt and Mr. Urling would cure by the mind alone, that is, by instructing patients how to manage the muscles used in articulation. We, therefore, say that a set of rules for particular cases as the result of their experience would be of greater value to the public than the books with which they have favoured us. Professional men, indeed, ought to live by their profession; but yet it is not usual for men of science to make a mystery of their science. From all we can gather on the subject, it appears that the secret of successful treatment consists in determinately fixing the attention upon the means of articulating in spite of a felt difficulty. Thus, let a stammerer, like Demosthenes, place a pebble in his mouth; the effort to prevent that pebble from being an impediment to clear enunciation will fix the muscles so far as to prevent their taking on a sympathetic action for themselves, as they do when the stammerer attempts to speak without this or similar kind of diversion, and consequent preparation for their consentaneous action in speaking. The object is to steady all the muscles used in speaking, so that their spasmodic irregular action shall be checked at the beginning of every attempt to speak; for stammering and stuttering, according to our view of the matter, appear to result from the undue excitement of those nerves, which arising near each other, and supplying muscles required in some measure to act as it were with mutual consent and accommodation, are aroused all at once, instead of being brought into action in due and orderly succession. In a healthy state of the nervous system, though the nerves and muscles concerned in speaking are all, to a certain extent, excited together, yet the will has the wonderful power of reserving and regulating their action, so that they shall be used one after another, or so many together, just as in the organ having many pipes all filled at once with air, the current from the bellows is prevented from passing and forming sound by the will and touch of the organist, except in the required order. In stuttering and stammering, this power of the will is lost very often from mere hurry of

mind, and the sounds burst forth convulsively or gurgle out in broken streams, like water poured from a narrow-necked bottle. "I would that thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once or none at all." —*As You Like It*.

The difficulty of articulation is small when the change of muscular adjustment of the mouth is easily completed; thus few stutter over syllables terminated by consonants. The great difficulty is experienced in the transition from the explosive sound of the consonants *b, t, d, p, m*, to the vowel that follows. The utterance of *j, ch, w, f*, is less difficult.

Colombat, attributing stammering to want of harmony between the nerve-action and the muscles, would cure it by applying a musical rhythm in speaking. This often succeeds.

Bertrand recommends certain regular motions of the fingers and toes, as a kind of diversion of nerve-action, and he would introduce foreign substances into the mouth with the same object in view.

Rullier would merely improve the health of the brain.

Itard treats the disease like any other spasmodic disorder, and trains the muscles by exercises analogous to those of dancing and fencing. He also steadies their action by placing a small instrument in the mouth.

Dr. Serres advises a rapid pronunciation, accompanying the action by movements of the arms to regulate the utterance.

Dr. Marshall Hall recommends speaking in a chanting voice.

Dr. Arnott advises the commencing every word by prefixing the vowel *e*, and combining the words as in singing.

Mrs. Leigh, of New York, considered the pressure of the tongue against the inferior incisors (front teeth) as the sole cause of stammering. She directed it to be put to the top of the palate. She often succeeded, but as often failed, because the causes are more varied than her system.

Drs. Merkel and Schmalz exhibit great research in their writings; but they advocate severe surgical operations in some cases.

We have heard that Dr. Jephson, of Leamington, has recommended, with great advantage in some cases, an elastic band to be placed under the chin and around the head so as to afford steadiness and resistance together, and thus to prevent that spasmodic action of the muscles drawing down the chin, and which causes or aggravates stammering.

Quarterly Review of German Literature.

THE more narrowly we observe the "signs of the time," the more closely we study the wants of the age, the more convinced are we also of the importance of a proper acquaintanceship with general and with ecclesiastical history. Truly, "there is nothing new under the sun,"—the thing that is, it has been, only under different phases and aspects. The requirements, the sorrows, the doubts and the follies of mankind, are the same now as before—in principle, though not in development; in substance, though not in form. The lessons which a past has taught, or is calculated to teach, should be applied to present circumstances, as well as the warnings to be derived from events which, in one respect are gone by, in another are eternal.

We confess it, however extravagant it may appear to some, this renewed and ardent study of history gives us fresh hope for the Church and people of Germany. Tokens sufficient there are to distress and to distract. On the one hand, are the "Churchlies" and the "Liberals," each with his Shibboleth, and each apparently unmindful of his own great danger; on the other hand, are Materialists, Hegelians, Deists, and Nothingarians—ecclesiasticism, royalism, false liberalism, negativism, elements of death and destruction. But amid the din of parties are also those who have learned to understand their Bibles, and on the present to reflect the light of the past: a class of men to whom we bid "God speed," and whose work we take to be most promising, and most blessed. Surely, it was not without meaning that Germany's greatest ecclesiastical historian, the sainted Neander, became one of the main instruments in the revival of true religion. The favourite motto of this master, "The inner man makes the *theologian*," may in this respect be also read as, "The inner man makes the *historian*." Would we had among us more of that care for the "inner man," and, let us add, more of the study of the *past*; not in the light of this or of that Church, but in the light of unvarying Christian truth!

These remarks are not more the general inference which we draw from the historical works before us, than the expression of a deep-felt want both in our literature and in our life. Britain has a great lesson to learn; and, if we wish to lay bye our quarrels, to esteem each other, and to co-operate with each other, to understand our duties and our mission, we should, as one of the means, make haste to repair our past neglect in the Christian study of history. As usually, the historical selection before us contains considerable variety, and extends over a pretty wide range. In more ancient ecclesiastical history we have this time only one work, but this of more than common interest, both from its subject and its aim. To begin with the latter: Pastor Ribbeck (the author of "Donatus and Augustinus,"¹ the work under notice) seems at one time to have been

¹ Donatus u. Augustinus, oder d. erste entscheidende Kampf zwischen Sepa-

"a German Dissenter," and, as we gather from his hints, a "German Baptist"—both, we take leave to say, very different from the idea which attaches to these names in our own country, or in America. In that capacity Mr. Ribbeck appears to have written against the Established Church some tractate or tractates, to us unknown. These, and his former "Dissent," are now intended to be retracted by the book under notice, in which the first great separation from the Church, "Donatism," is historically traced and characterized. The reader will understand, that while this purpose imparts a certain amount of vividness and enthusiasm to the work, it also occasionally leads away from the subject, and perhaps introduces us to controversies, for which we, at least, have not heart, and happily not occasion. "Donatism" is a memorable fact in the history of the Church, and cannot be explained either by the corrupt motives of some individuals, nor wholly be set down to the score of a healthy antagonism to a corrupt Church. No doubt, had the circumstances of the time not demanded such a reaction—had not many in the Church itself felt its want—those who were the great movers in Donatism would either have stood entirely unsupported, or the sect have sooner gone down in a corrupt fanaticism. The Catholic Church, gradually recovering from the first persecutions, and daily multiplying its adherents, fast degenerated. Ambition, worldliness, will-worship, work-righteousness, were now prominent blots, instead of the simplicity, the sincerity of love, the simple and humble faith of apostolic Christians. Even martyrdom for the truth became deformed into merit-mongering; spiritual life was rapidly passing away, and sheer externalism threatened to take the place of the "worship in spirit and in truth." The opposite of this externalism was a purely *subjective* direction, with all its attendant dangers—this time not in the shape of *mysticism*, but in that of a fanatical rigorism. "Donatism" was not the first movement in that direction. Before that time, the wild Phrygian, Montanus, had obtained visions of truth and purity, and drawn with him many, among whom the great Tertullian is the best known. The following were the five distinctive principles of *Montanism*:—1. Need of a Church more pure in substance and in form; 2. Expectation of a speedy re-appearance of Christ; 3. Belief in the continuance of the extraordinary gifts of the Holy Spirit; 4. Rejection of infant-baptism; 5. Rigorism in outward conduct. The next protest—passing over minor movements—was made by the noble *Novatian*. This was in turn followed by *Donatism*. The last great Christian persecution had been succeeded by the reign of Constantine, under whom the Church at once rose from contempt into full political power. A most dangerous transition this, against which Donatism made its protest. But this healthy tendency was accompanied by other and much less elevated motives and measures. The first cause of controversy arose from the supposed laxity of the Catholic Church towards those who, in the late troubles,

ratismus u. Kirche. Ein histor. Versuch von Ferd. Ribbeck. Elberfeld: Bodecker. 1857.

had either denied their faith (the "lapsi"), or at least given up the Sacred Volume to the heathen (the "traditores"). But neither were the *purists* free from such charges, and the matter became much a personal contest between two parties. In successive councils—among which, that of Arles is in every respect most important—the disputes were decided against the Donatists, who ultimately separated from the Church. Political repressions were followed by tumults, and hordes of armed banditti joined the new sect, and kept up a regular warfare against all order and decency. The religious aspect of the controversy was more pure. Both parties produced able and excellent men. Among the Catholics we need only mention the name of Augustine, to convince the reader with what ability, zeal, and love, the discussion must have been carried on. In general, this period of history is exceedingly interesting and instructive. Despite the occasional diffuseness of the work before us, and the too frequent reference to present controversies, Mr. Ribbeck has produced an excellent manual, which deserves to take its place by the side of Neander's history of that period, and Bindemann's "Life of Augustine."

From the fourth century and from early divisions in the church, we invite the reader to take a long stride to the fifteenth century, and to the history of the Reformers and their immediate precursors. Here we have first to notice a ninth volume by Dr. Böhringer,² in which his ecclesiastical biographies are continued. In some respects the present is among the most important contributions of the Swiss historian. We are successively introduced to Conrad of Waldhausen, to Milic and to Janow, the precursors of Hus; to Hus himself, to Jerome of Prague, and to Savonarola. The Bohemian Reformation is unique in its character, and we feel deeply thankful for this detailed and luminous description of the lives and works of those who were engaged in it. Beginning with Waldhausen, the first who in Bohemia testified against the religious desecrations of the Papacy, the moral element of Protestantism appears here by the side of its negative or antagonistic tendency. It gradually develops and spreads, till university, nobility, and people are seized by the great movement. The flames to which the Council of Constance condemns Hus and Jerome cannot destroy their work. The Bohemian nation deeply sympathizes with the new teaching. Much the same ground as that above indicated is traversed by Mr. Gindely³ in his "History of the Bohemian Brethren," of which part of Vol. II. (reaching to the end of Maximilian's reign) is now before us. Only that, as the title implies, this work bears more especial reference to the history of the "*Brethren*." Mr. Gindely has been a careful and laborious student, his style is vigorous and

² Die Kirche Christi u. ihre Zeugen, oder d. Kirchen-Gesch. in Biographien. Durch Friedrich Böhringer. 2ter Band, 4te Abth., 2te Heft. Zurich: Meyer u. Zeller. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1858.

³ Böhmen u. Mähren im Zeitalter d. Reformation. Von Anton Gindely. Gesch. d. böhm. Brüder. 2ter Band (1ste Heft). Praag: Carl Bellmann. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

fresh, and though decidedly Austrian and Popish in his views, he withholds not the well-deserved acknowledgment from the "Bohemian Brethren."

Passing from Bohemia to Germany and France, we have first a biography of the well-known Reformation-Knight, Ulrich von Hutten, from the pen of no less a personage than Dr. Strauss,⁴ the notorious author of the "Life of Jesus." We confess to a more than usual amount of curiosity in perusing this book. Passing over the preface, with its attempted hits at modern orthodoxy, we would characterize the production as a painstaking and accurate biography, without, however, much life, enthusiasm, or spirit; and of course without any deeper or spiritual sympathies. More than ever before, the conviction has been painfully impressed on us, that Hutten was of a totally different spirit from Luther. He and Francis of Sickingen (a nobler man probably) were the last representatives of the wild German Knights, who would have fought to gain an entrance for the Reformation, but who understood little of the spiritual armour of which Luther made such large and blessed use. Although enthusiastically attached to the cause of Protestantism, it may be doubted whether Hutten did more good than harm by his many Latin and German literary productions. Worn out by labours and persecution, and partly in consequence of a disease contracted by former excesses, Hutten died alone and in exile at the early age of thirty-five. Very different from this are the pictures of Olivianus and Ursinus drawn by Mr. Sudhoff⁵. This work which forms the second volume of the "Biographies of the Calvinistic Reformers," has more than answered our expectations. Smaller in size than Vol. I., without the decoration of a portrait, and treating of persons comparatively unknown to the British student, it has, to our mind, even more sterling value than the "Life of Zwingli." To the student of ecclesiastical history we can confidently recommend this volume. It contains much valuable and new information, written in a fresh, vigorous, and attractive style, breathing fervour and earnestness—thorough in its erudition and decided in its principles. Indeed, we have rarely perused a book of this kind with more pleasure or satisfaction. We congratulate the editor of this series (Mr. Hagenbach) on having got assistance such as that of Mr. Sudhoff, and the German-reading public on the prospect of such accessions to their libraries. Our recommendation of Dr. Heppe's "History of the Lutheran Formula of Concordance,"⁶ and of Mr. Polentz's "History of French Calvinism,"⁷ must be more qualified. Dr.

⁴ Ulrich von Hutten. Von David Friedr. Strauss. 2 Theile. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1858.

⁵ Leben u. ausgewählte Schriften d. Väter u. Begründer d. reformirten Kirche. 2ter Theil. C. Olivianus u. Z. Ursinus. Von Lic. K. Sudhoff. Elberfeld: Friedrichs. 1857.

⁶ Geschichte d. lutherischen Concordienformel u. Concordia. Von Dr. H. Heppe. 1ster Band. Marburg: Elwert. 1858.

⁷ Geschichte d. französischen Calvinismus bis zur Nationalversammlung, im J. 1789. Von G. V. Polentz. 1ster Band. Gotha: F. A. Perthes. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

Heppe is a violent Melancthonian; he believes that German Calvinism was essentially the reproduction of his favourite teacher's views, and in upholding this opinion he occasionally does considerable injustice to such men as Olivianus and Ursinus. He is too much wedded to his own system to make an impartial historian. In the present volume Dr. Heppe gives the humbling chapter of Lutheran bigotry and sectarianism, which ended by forcing—or attempting to force—on the German churches that wretched expression of Lutheran orthodoxy, the “Formula Concordiæ.” The events and contests of that period are faithfully traced, and the document under consideration is elaborately analyzed and explained. The volume by Mr. Polentz, which is to be followed by three others, extends to the year 1560, and describes the planting of Christianity in France, its spread and struggles, the history of early anti-papal attempts, and lastly the Reformation. Although at times somewhat diffuse, the work may be considered as the best text-book on the subject. We have in vain sought to find out the peculiar ecclesiastical “standpoint” of the author. From his remarks on certain Calvinistic dogmas we gather that he does not share the beliefs of the Swiss churches; but neither is he a Lutheran. Occasionally he misunderstands Calvin; yet he can also appreciate the great work of that Reformer.

One paragraph will suffice for the works on general history on our table. A curious interest attaches to Dr. Harder's tractate⁸ on the demand made by our own government, in 1799, for the extradition of certain Irish refugees. The persons in question had taken part in the French landing on the coast of Ireland, and after its failure sought temporary shelter in Hamburg. The British authorities demanded, and the French opposed, their surrender. Hamburg had to yield to our threats—a compliance for which the first Napoleon made ample reprisals. As bearing on present discussions, a letter of Napoleon I. (then first consul), addressed to the senate of Hamburg, may not be without instruction: “Gentlemen, we have received your letter; it does not vindicate you. Courage and virtues preserve a commonwealth; cowardice and vices destroy it. You have violated hospitality. This has not been done by the most barbarous hordes of the wilderness. Your fellow-citizens will ever reproach you with this act. The two unhappy persons whom you have given up will die with glory; but their blood will do more harm to their persecutors than an army could have done.” So wrote the *first* Napoleon. How writes the *third*? However, it is a comfort that the illustrious Irishmen were allowed to return from England to France. On the general question involved, the British public of 1858 would probably differ as much from that of 1799 as Napoleon III. does from Napoleon I. From the pen of Mr. Giesebrecht we have the closing portion of Vol. II. of the “History of the Germanic Empire.”⁹ The

⁸ Die Auslieferung d. 4 politischen Flüchtlinge, Napper-Tandy, Blackwell, Morris u. G. Peters, im Jahre 1799. Von K. Harder. Leipzig: Wigand. 1857.

⁹ Geschichte d. deutschen Kaiserzeit. Von W. Giesebrecht. 2ter Band, 2te Liefer. Braunschweig: Schwetscke u. Sohn. 1858.

part before us details chiefly that most flourishing period of imperial rule under Henry III. Abundant extracts from the sources consulted by the author are furnished in the appendix. On the great merits of this work we have spoken in a former review. The present part well sustains the historical reputation of the author; the only desideratum left us being that of a comprehensive index to every volume, which the student would find of so much use. We are glad to learn that the Prussian ministry has taken notice of, and encouraged, the author. If he perseveres in the same spirit, he will secure for himself a distinguished and lasting place among the historians of Germany. Mr. Mökern's "History of the East Indies"¹⁰ is a work which we have laid down with considerable disappointment. The historical part is neither thorough nor copious, the notices of people and manners are not such as we could have expected from one who has so long resided in a country, and the personal adventures want raciness and vivacity. The sketch of the Mohammedan population of India has unfortunately been but too well illustrated by recent events. Dr. Weber, Director of the Archives of Dresden, communicates interesting papers¹¹ from the literary treasures under his care. The volume is a strange medley of love, ghost, and quack stories, of which perhaps the most interesting is the account of the notorious Kleement (executed in 1710), who by false documents knew how to gain the confidence of so many politicians, and threw Berlin and its king into such turmoil by the pretended disclosure of an anti-Prussian conspiracy on the part of Prince Eugene and of Saxony. A most important contribution towards the history of Babylonia and Assyria is M. von Niebuhr's work,¹² which, comparing the data in the Old Testament, in Berosus, and the Greek writers, with the results of recent discoveries, furnishes, so far as we know, the first comprehensive description of the period between the years 747 and 538, before Christ. On every page we find the marks of most painstaking study, and conscientious investigation. To theologians we would specially recommend a book which supplies a long-felt desideratum in our literature, that of a comprehensive manual of that period, giving a survey of all that is known on the subject, and at the same time amply illustrating, and fully confirming, the accounts furnished in the Old Testament.

On the subject of exegetics we have a larger budget than usually. The most important contribution, this time, is the noble commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews, by Professor Delitzsch, of Erlangen,¹³ whose fame has hitherto chiefly rested on Oriental lore. We hope that no long time may elapse before this great monument of German

¹⁰ Ostindien, seine Geschichte, Cultur u. s. Bewohner. Von Philipp von Mökern. 2 Bände. Leipzig: Costenoble. 1857.

¹¹ Aus 4 Jahrhunderten. Mittheilungen aus d. Haupt-Staatsarchive zu Dresden. Von Dr. K. v. Weber. 1ster Band. Leipzig: Tauchnitz. 1857.

¹² Geschichte Assur's u. Babel's seit Phul. Von M. v. Niebuhr. Berlin: Hertz. 1857.

¹³ Commentar zum Briefe an d. Hebräer. Von Prof. F. Delitzsch. Leipzig: Dörfling u. Franke. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

industry and piety may be given in a popularly accessible form to British readers. The exposition is learned, sound, and satisfactory; stores of exegetical and rabbinical lore are laid down; former commentaries have been carefully collated; in short, if sobriety, learning, and orthodoxy are tests, we have here at last a thorough commentary on this epistle. A most valuable appendix defends the doctrine of the vicarious sacrifice of Christ, and the typical import of sacrifices generally, against the views of Hofmann. For labours such as these we feel truly thankful. Pastor Gräber has given us a very valuable exposition of the Book of Revelation.¹⁴ The plan of the work deserves the attention of the reader. With Bengel, he traces in these prophecies the progressive development of history. With Hengstenberg, he notes in each period of history and prophecy grand leading ideas. With Ebrard, he distinguishes between the beast of ch. xiii. and that of ch. xvii. These are clear and sensible principles of interpretation. Here is a rough analysis of our author's exposition:—1st Period. I. General Judgments (ch. vi. 1—8): 1st seal, Christ the conqueror; 2nd seal, war; 3rd seal, famine; 4th seal, pestilence. II. Special Judgments (ch. vi. 9—11): 5th seal, martyrdom; 6th seal, fall of heathen Rome, (a) negatively, (b) positively, ascendancy of the Church (ch. vi. 12—17)—1, spread of Christianity, commencing ch. vii. 1—8; 2, view of the completion (ch. vii. 9—17).—7th seal, or 2nd Period, being introduction to the seven trumpets. I. General Judgments (ch. viii. 6—12): 1st trumpet, destruction of civilization; 2nd trumpet, of commerce; 3rd trumpet, of wealth; 4th trumpet, of commonwealth; announcement of three woes, 5th, 6th, and 7th trumpets. II. the Special Judgments: 5th trumpet (ch. ix. 1—12), the migration of nations (5 months, 370—520 A.D.); 6th trumpet, Mohammedanism. Part II. Introduction (ch. x. 1—11); subject (ch. xi. 1, 2). 1st Period (the Papacy). I. General Survey: 1st. The witnessing Church (ch. xi. 3—14)—1st Period, the witness-bearing (1,260 days); 2nd period, oppression (3½ days); 3rd period, glory (the Millennium); ch. xi. 15—19, most general announcement of the third woe. 2ndly. The persecuted church (ch. xii. 1—18)—1st period, persecution of spiritual life; 2nd period, heavenly powers contend for it; 3rd period, persecution and martyrdom of individuals. II. Special History: Ch. xiii. 1—10, The Papacy as world-monarchy (42 months); v. 11—18, the Jesuits as the false prophet; xiv. 1—5, the 144,000 harpers—the Reformation.—2nd Period (the End). I. General Survey: 1st. Preparation (ch. xiv. 6, 7), Gospel preaching and missions; v. 8, announcement of judgments on Rome; v. 9—13, on her adherents. 2ndly. The End; v. 14—16, the harvest of the faithful; v. 17—20, of unbelievers. II. Special History (ch. xv. 1—8): Introduction to the seven plagues (ch. xvi. 1—9)—1st plague, diseases; 2nd plague, destruction of commerce; 3rd plague,

¹⁴ Versuch einer historischen Erklärung d. Offenbarung d. Johannes. Von H. S. Gräber. Heidelberg: Winter. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

of wealth; 4th plague, of despotism. Special Judgments: 5th plague, judgment on the Papacy; 6th plague, upon Mohammedanism—the two combine (Armageddon); 7th plague, destruction of Rome; ch. xvii., combination of the Papacy with infidelity and red democracy. (a) Power and glory of the great whore (v. 1—6). (b) Her destruction by the scarlet beast (democracy) and the ten kings (v. 16—18). (c) Destruction of the ten kings. We have now given the main outlines of this scheme, and sufficient to interest the student of prophecy. Mr. Reinke's "Exposition of the Messianic Psalms"¹⁵ is an able and earnest vindication of this important portion of Old Testament Christology. The "Exegetical Manual of the Old Testament" has advanced another volume. The present contribution is by Professor Knobel, of Giessen,¹⁶ and expounds Exodus and Leviticus. Our readers know the merits and demerits of this publication. Philologically, it is excellent; exegetically, it is without value; theologically, false and extremely dangerous. Much as we appreciate the learning and acquirements of Knobel and his colleagues, in the composition of this manual, we believe that the time of rationalistic arrogance and quackery is fast going bye. Nearly the same remarks apply to Hitzig's "Commentary on the Book of Proverbs."¹⁷ What pity that such rare acquirements are not devoted to a better cause. Students who can discern between the specious and the true, who have sufficient independence and strength to cull the valuable from the rubbish, will do well to read works like these—mere sciolists, who would plume themselves with borrowed lore, or theological beginners, had best let them alone. We can scarcely find words strong enough to characterize our dislike of such a commentary as that by Pastor Weissenbach on the Song of Solomon.¹⁸ If this book is what they allege, a mere amatory effusion, full of the grossest sensualism (according to their interpretation), why not strike it at once out of the canon, or why shock us by a detailed commentary, which, if correct, would place it almost in a category with Ovid's "Libri Amorum" and "Artis Amatoriæ?" We are willing to give Pastor Weissenbach all credit for learning and purity; but we hope the day may be far distant when such expositions will flow from the pens of British critics, or become common in our libraries. A most pretentious, but little-meaning tractate, is Dr. J. P. N. Land's "Dissertation on Gen. xlix."¹⁹—an unfavourable specimen this of Dutch criticism. The Messianic import of these predictions is boldly denied—indeed,

¹⁵ Die Messianischen Psalmen. Von Reinke. 2te Liefer. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1858.

¹⁶ Kurzgefasstes exegetisches Handbuch zum Alten Testament. 2te Liefer. Exodus u. Leviticus. Erklärt von Dr. A. Knobel. Leipzig: Hirzel. 1858.

¹⁷ Die Sprüche Salomo's. Uebersetzt u. Ausgelegt von Dr. F. Hitzig. Zürich: Orell, Füssli, u. Co. 1858.

¹⁸ Das hohe Lied Salomo's. Erklärt, Uebersetzt u. Dargestellt von F. E. Weissenbach. Leipzig: Weigel. 1858.

¹⁹ Disputatio de Carmine Jacobi, Gen. xlix. Scripsit J. P. N. Land. Lugduni Batavorum: Hazenberg. 1858.

boldness of assertion constitutes three-fourths of such discussions. Hengstenberg and other orthodox divines are set right in the shortest and most triumphant fashion; and Dr. Land comes forth with flying colours. A method this more easy than satisfactory, which may impose on the half-informed, but can only excite a smile of pity in those who have really understood the difficulties of exegetical studies, and the meaning of such passages as Gen. xlix. Lic. Reusch furnishes a (Roman Catholic) "Commentary on the Book of Tobias,"²⁰ in which canonical authority is vindicated for all the absurdities of the Apocrypha. It is really curious to see side by side the boldest rationalism in one set of teachers and the most implicit credulity on the part of others. The arguments by which the historical contradictions and moral inconsistencies of the book of Tobias are vindicated or explained, are equally ingenious, curious—and hollow. Lastly, we would announce to the reader the appearance of a new and most excellent "Hebrew Dictionary" (at about 14s.), from the pen of the well-known Dr. Fürst, of Leipsic,²¹ which promises to meet every demand of the exegetical student.

In dogmatics we have this time several works which will require a more full notice than we can give them in the present review. "The Symbolic of the Mosaic and Christian Worship," by Dr. Dursch,²² will be read with considerable interest by many who would like to have a clear view of the ceremonies of the Romish Church, and of the meaning which attaches to every rite. Dr. Dursch (a Roman Catholic) first explains briefly the symbols of the Old Testament, and then describes and explains those of his own church. The vestments of the priests, the ceremonial at baptism, marriage, the mass, extreme unction, ordination, confirmation, &c., are all detailed and accounted for. An instructive but a humbling book, as delineating the supposed types and shadows of the religion which instructs to "worship in spirit and in truth." Mr. Bender, court preacher at Darmstadt, furnishes a small volume of sermons, being "Old Testament Sketches."²³ They are evangelical in tone and pleasing in style, but contain little that is new or striking. In similar words, we might characterize Mr. Schrader's discourses on the "Intercourse between the risen Saviour and His People."²⁴ However, we have come upon passages in that tractate which breathe not only fervent piety, but give evidence of accurate and acute critical investigation. In every respect a most interesting and important contribution to our theological literature is that

²⁰ Das Buch Tobias. Uebersetzt u. Erklärt von Lic. F. H. Reusch. Freiburg: Herder. 1857.

²¹ Hebräisches u. Chaldäisches Handwörterbuch über d. Alte Testament. Mit einem Anhang. Von Dr. J. Fürst. Leipzig: Tauchnitz. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

²² Symbolik d. Mosaischen u. Christlichen Cultus. Von Dr. G. M. Dursch. Tübingen: Laupp. 1858.

²³ Alttestamentliche Lebensbilder in Predigten. Von F. Bender. Stuttgart: Liesching & Co. 1857.

²⁴ Der Verkehr d. Auferstandenen mit d. Seinen. Von L. Schrader. Kiel: Schröder & Co. 1857.

recently made by Dr. Nowotny, who has commenced to translate into German the sermons of Hus.²⁵ There is a freshness, a manliness, and withal a deep earnestness about these addresses which helps us to understand how the great reformer obtained so firm a hold on the hearts of his countrymen. The Bohemian movement cannot be fully known without a careful perusal of the doctrines and the teaching of Hus. On this ground, irrespective of other claims, Dr. Nowotny deserves every encouragement to enable him to carry out his proposed undertaking. Mr. Otto has done real service by giving us a new and cheap edition of old Herberger's "Flowers of Paradise,"²⁶ or Practical Exposition of the Psalms (up to Ps. xxiii. 3). Herberger—known also as the "Second Luther," and the Protestant "Abraham a St. Clara"—belonged to the generation immediately succeeding the Reformers, and his works have, with the exception of this Psalter, remained in common use in Germany. Yet, in some respects, this is the most precious of all his writings, giving the results of twenty-five years' study of the book of Psalms. We sincerely wish that a work which deserves to be classed with Arndt's "True Christianity," may soon be also rendered accessible to the churches of Britain and of America. In these days, when the study of the German language is becoming more common, and teachers and taught are often at a loss for good books which combine instruction with elegance of diction, we would seriously recommend to our readers the works of that patriarch, G. von Schubert.²⁷ We shall answer for it that they are in every respect suitable. The volume before us treats chiefly of the separation between soul and body, the experiences of dying believers, and certain objections or fears felt by Christians. Sharing in the general veneration for the godly old author, we have been not a little pleased—and, we trust, also instructed—by this his latest production; and in the name of British Christians, to whom Schubert is too little known, we respond to the cordial greeting which he prefixes to this volume.

With due deference to our "instructors," we venture to say that the science of "Pædago-gy" has not yet received among us the degree of attention which it deserves and requires. Too often we are content to leave the upbringing of those nearest and dearest to us to parties whose head and heart have not been trained for so important a charge. Whatever defects may attach to the German system—and we are not of the number of those who are blind to them—even the books which we are about to mention, prove that this subject engages the attention of some of the ablest and best men in the "Fatherland." Dr. Schmid, of Ulm, has just commenced an "Encyclopædia,"²⁸

²⁵ Joh. Hus, Predigten über d. Evangelien. Aus d. böhm. in d. deutsche Sprache übersetzt von Dr. J. Nowotny. 1ste Abth. Görlitz: Heyn. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate.

²⁶ Dr. Herberger's Paradies-Blümlein. Mit einen Vorworte. Von C. W. Otto. Halle: Schmidt. 1857.

²⁷ Vermischte Schriften. Von Dr. G. H. von Schubert. 1ster Band. Erlangen: Palen u. Enke. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

²⁸ Encyclopædie d. Gesammten Erziehungs u. Unterrichtswesens. Von K. A. Schmid. Stuttgart: Besser. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

specially designed for teachers, and treating of all subjects which can be of interest to those whose it is to take part in the work of education. According to the plan in the prospectus, the first part is to treat of "Pädagogic" and its auxiliaries generally; the second of the arrangements and relations of schools and teachers; the third furnishes a history of the science; the fourth statistics. The specimen number sent us, is Christian in tone and thorough in point of execution—the names of the *savants* who are to contribute to this Encyclopædia afford sufficient guarantee that it will be continued in the same spirit. A few words will suffice to characterize Mr. Diesterweg's "Annual of Pädagogic."²⁹ It is pretentious, unsatisfactory, and full of the most bitter invectives against evangelical religion; withal, written in a tone of unbounded confidence and conceit. One of the most useful works with which we are acquainted is Professor Raumer's "History of Pädagogic."³⁰ The volume under notice is replete with the most trustworthy information and advice, especially on the bringing up of girls. Would something of this kind might be introduced into every family and ladies' school! Piety, good sense, and ability, appear in every chapter and on every page.

In *belles lettres*, we can offer our readers fully the usual *quantum*. The student of the Saxon language will delight in Mr. Schulz's elegant poetic version of Eschenbach's "Percival,"³¹ a poem written (in high Dutch) in the thirteenth century. A number of excellent remarks and useful information will be found in Professor Roberstein's "Miscellaneous Essays on the History of Literature."³² Of more than common interest is Professor Kinkel's "Tragedy of Nimrod,"³³ written as it is by a celebrated exile, and addressed to his countrymen—not without peculiar meaning. Sturm's "Religious Poetry"³⁴ contains some exquisite passages—simple, sweet, and pathetic. A very wide circle of readers we bespeak for Auerbach's "Family Calendar for 1858."³⁵ There is an irresistible charm about these tales—a "soulfulness" and loveliness, so peculiarly this writer's. We cannot recommend more pleasant reading than a perusal of this Calendar will afford. Lastly, Mr. Prutz has given us a biography, and a selection from the works of Holberg,³⁶ probably the best writer of comedies whom Germany has ever produced.

²⁹ Pädagogisches Jahrbuch für 1858. Von A. Diesterweg. Leipzig: Baensch. 1858.

³⁰ Geschichte d. Pädagogik. Von K. von Raumer. 3tter Theil. 2te Aufl. Stuttgart: Liesching. 1857.

³¹ Percival. Von W. von Eschenbach. Aus d. Mittelhochdeutschen übersetzt von San-Marte (A. Schulz). 2te Aufl. 2 Bände. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 1858.

³² Vermischte Aufsätze zur Litteraturgeschichte u. Aesthetik. Von Dr. Roberstein. Leipzig: Barth. 1858.

³³ Nimrod. Ein Trauerspiel. Von G. Kinkel. Hanover: Rümpler. 1857.

³⁴ Fromme Lieder. Von J. Sturm. 3tte Aufl. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 1858.

³⁵ B. Auerbach's deutscher Familien-Kalender. Stuttgart: Cotta. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1858.

³⁶ Lud. Holberg, Sein Leben u. seine Schriften. Von R. Prutz. Stuttgart: Cotta. 1857.

Brief Notices.

THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA. By James M. Phillippo. London : 1857.

MOST of our readers will remember the interesting and instructive volume, published some years ago, by Mr. Phillippo, upon Jamaica, the island to which he has devoted a long life of faithful missionary labour. That work was noticed in this journal at the time with well-deserved commendation. After a lengthened interval, Mr. Phillippo again appears before the public, with a volume upon the United States and Cuba. For the sake of his literary reputation, we could have wished that the very estimable author had suppressed the twenty-seven chapters devoted to the United States, and published alone the three chapters which relate to Cuba and the Cubans.

On West Indian soil Mr. Phillippo is evidently at home. His description of the Queen of the Antilles and her strangely-mixed population, is natural, flowing, faithful, and eminently trustworthy. There is more truth in these three chapters than in all the rest of the book. But they are far more than true; they are graphic, life-like; they speak themselves at once the writing of one who understands his theme; they discover all that nice appreciation of a country and its inhabitants, and that truthfulness to nature, which are never attained except through long familiarity, and which no mere book-knowledge of a country can ever supply. For pleasantness of reading, too, if not for qualities of weightier moment, the latter portion of the book is a contrast to the former. It is as if its worthy author became a better writer as soon as he entered the glowing regions of the tropics, and that a more genial climate brought with it a finer faculty of appreciation, and a truer insight.

We must, however, pass to a more particular, although brief notice of the two portions of Mr. Phillippo's book. The United States are treated in successive chapters in their geography, history, and ethnology; their government, laws, revenue, and commerce; the manners and customs, the personal and social characteristics of the inhabitants; the geological features of the continent, its natural phenomena, and peculiarities of climate and surface; the productions of its soil, and its varieties of animal life; the moral status of the population, education, literature, and religion; the principal cities of the Union; finally, the rationale of its marvellous progress, the evidences of its national greatness, and the boundless magnificence of its future prospects. A wide enough field, we fancy our readers to say, and one which in the hands of a master implies a work of very high value. For ourselves, we would most heartily welcome the book which should thus comprehensively survey the great Western world, and place on record, in a faithful spirit, the noble achievements of its enterprising people. A picture of the physical characteristics of the States, a compendium of their consti-

tution and laws, accurate statistics of their commerce, a summary of their material progress, are all highly interesting; still more so an analysis of the working of their institutions, a candid judgment of their national peculiarities and social life, a review of their achievements in science and literature, and a sound estimate of whatever pertains to education, public morals, and religion. But that which we so much desire, we fear we have not realized in the volume before us. We have it all attempted, and in some departments the writer cannot go astray. In the main, we would say to the author's credit, that he has not fallen very short of his modest purposes, when he expresses himself as designing only to present such a book as "could be put into the hands of an emigrant, or of any one anxious to acquire general information on the United States." On many topics the book contains information, which, in so compendious a form, will be essentially serviceable to a large class of readers. But those needing a more exact acquaintance with the subjects discussed, will still have recourse to works of higher authority and more accurate statement.

Mr. Phillippo's survey of the United States will be most favourably estimated, if judged of simply as a compendium of facts. Taken as a commentary on the great political experiment of the Republic, or as a criticism of the social life of its people, we hold it valueless. Let the glowing description of the political privileges enjoyed in America by virtue of the constitution,—the equality of its citizenship, the liberty secured by its laws, the precious boon of a ballot-box and universal suffrage, the rare sweets in general of a democracy,—be accepted, in as far as the method of government and the purposes of those who framed the constitution are thus indicated, and we shall do well. But when from theory we descend to practice, we need another book than Mr. Phillippo's to tell us how far these facts as to the happy political system established by the constitution, are facts also in the stern working out of practical politics. We want to know whether the liberty of the statute-book and the equality at the ballot-box secure in effect the highest measure of human freedom and political happiness. Unless we are prepared to say at the very outset of the argument, that democracy is the only true system of government, and, therefore, wherever it exists we have no need for further discussion, we shall act a wiser part in judging of laws by results, and even submitting high constitutional principles to the commonplace inquiry, whether they are efficient, and promotive of a people's well-being in practice.

Judging of Mr. Phillippo's book, however, merely in its statement of facts, we must not say too much of its accuracy. We turn for illustration to the chapters devoted to a description of the principal cities of the Union, and find the information remarkably unsatisfactory. That which is true is better told in any guide book, and that which remains would have been better omitted. To begin with Boston,—the first of the cities he describes,—errors stud the page. In one place he calls it "a provincial town," an expression quite inappropriate to the capital of a state. In another place, it is "the

centre of the railroad system,"—a singularly false statement, which is suddenly explained, however, when on opening a well-known gazetteer, Boston is found described as "the centre of the railway system of New England." Again, Boston, Mr. Phillippo states, "is not in reality a city," wanting the "mayor, aldermen, and other municipal officers, which form the necessary adjuncts of a corporation." We read such a statement with astonishment. As well might an American say that London was no city, for want of a mayor, fat aldermen, and common-councilmen! Could such an one have ever seen the Mansion House, or the Lord Mayor's Show, or Gog and Magog in Guildhall? Can Mr. Phillippo have ever seen the town-hall of Boston, or been present at the city elections, or admired the city seal? If it will be any satisfaction to the worthy author, we can show him Christian name and surname of every mayor, alderman, and common-councilman, for each one of the five-and-thirty years that Boston has enjoyed the rights of incorporation and the dignity of a civic government. Again, the population of the district of Boston is sadly misstated on one page, whilst it is correctly given on another. Tremont House, Tremont Street, Tremont Temple, are, as often as they occur, written Fremont House, Fremont Street, &c.; yet the author says that Boston was originally called Trimountain, and is "distinguished by triple hills." Again, the suburb of Charlestown is invariably called Charleston; and the two distinct portions of the city, known as South Boston and East Boston, standing on separate islands, are on each occasion blended into one, and lose their identity, as they are transformed into the suburb of "South-east Boston." We must pass more hastily over the other cities. "The province of which New York city is the capital:" what does this mean? We know of no such province. New York city is in a state, not a province; and of that state the capital is Albany, not New York. Further, we are told, New York occupies nearly the same parallel of latitude as England, and precisely the same as Naples. How perverse a statement, carrying its confutation within itself! To complete the syllogism: *ergo*, England and Naples stand in nearly the same parallel. A few bare remarks, and some not very accurate statistics, are all the author has to offer us upon the most important school-system of New York; the same with regard to that of the other states. On the subject of capital cities, Mr. Phillippo entertains views of his own, which we despair of throwing light upon. New Orleans he makes the capital of Louisiana, in place of Baton Rouge, doubtless because it is the city of commerce—but no; Bourden Town is made the capital of New Jersey, instead of Trenton, whilst of commerce or importance it has none. Albany, which other people would call the real capital of New York, Mr. Phillippo makes the "nominal capital," as if by contrast with the busy seaport, the capital of commerce—but no, we are wrong again; for Harrisburg is made in like manner the "nominal" capital of Pennsylvania, whilst the mart of commerce, the busy Philadelphia, is distinguished from Harrisburg, the seat of government, as "the *political* capital!"

Augusta in Georgia is metamorphosed into Augustine. Florida, we are told, "adjoins the state of Georgia upon the north, and New Orleans and Alabama upon the west—thus extending from the west side of the Mississippi to the frontiers of Carolina and Georgia." "Italy adjoins Germany upon the north, and Paris and Switzerland upon the west—thus extending from the west side of the Seine to the frontiers of Russia and Germany," would be a statement very nearly parallel.

As we ascend the Mississippi, in Mr. Phillippo's company, and enter the vast states and territories of the West, we despair of his geography altogether. What can he mean by "the prairies south of the Mississippi?" Does he find prairies in the gulf of Mexico? Were he in France, would he speak of the plains south of the Rhone? Has he ever seen St. Louis, that he should pass it over without a reference to its enormous trade and rapid increase, whilst he speaks of Milwaukee as a rival of Cincinnati? What city does he mean when he says, "About eighteen miles from St. Louis, and four miles below the city, the Missouri and Mississippi rivers blend their giant currents?" &c. Four miles below what city? Not St. Louis, for the confluence is eighteen miles from St. Louis, and is, moreover, above, not below, that city.

Again, the Mississippi, we are told, "in its greatest extent for navigation, is eleven hundred miles in length." Does good Mr. Phillippo know that eleven hundred miles of ascent will not so much as bring him to the confluence of the Ohio, still less to that of the Missouri, "four miles below the city;" and that after more than two thousand miles are passed over, he will see more steamers at the wharves of St. Paul's, in Minnesota, than on most European rivers, whilst after a short portage at the Falls of St. Anthony, he will still find even steam navigation for a considerable distance farther up the yet broad waters of the "father of rivers?" If the Mississippi is understated, the railway from Rock Island to Lake Michigan is in turn exaggerated. This line merely intersects the northern part of Illinois, and cannot exceed a hundred and fifty miles in length; Mr. Phillippo gives it fifteen hundred miles! Sometimes, too, our author is either very fanciful or very far-seeing, as when he catches sight of the plains of Iowa from the banks of the Ohio—a distance of three hundred miles, at the least. Lakes George, Michigan, Champlain, and Huron, are all classed together, without discrimination, as "like Windermere;" as if in the same breath one should lavish praise on the surpassing loveliness of Grasmere and the Zuyder Zee. The list of the states and territories is lamentably incomplete—is, in fact, old, like the author's list of principal men in the senate, where those long retired and those deceased, are strangely associated with the men living and acting in the present day.

Here we must close the volume. We had intended more especially to notice Mr. Phillippo's chapter on Cuba and the Cubans, where we should have had the agreeable duty of giving expression to a very warm commendation. Our readers will do well if, for the sake

of this truthful picture of an island, as to nature so like a paradise, so unlike as to man, they possess themselves of Mr. Phillippo's book; and, although there may be much needed to render the earlier part of the work complete, we believe that even in that they will find a useful manual of reference upon many subjects connected with the great Western Republic.

THOUGHTS AND SKETCHES IN VERSE. By Caroline Dent. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co. Pp. 261.

THE lady who presents us with this volume has really thoughts to record; and her Sketches are so vivid that they recall scenes, and books, and men, with which long use and a pilgrim's admiration have made us familiar. One-half the volume is devoted to more ambitious soarings of the wing of poesy, in the longer and more sustained flights of "Whispers of Hope" in the Spenserian stanza, and "Ruth" in blank verse: the remainder to occasional lyrics and sonnets, a few of which owe their parentage to another hand. The "Whispers of Hope" is much more to our taste than Campbell's well-known poem, the extravagant popularity of which proves the dearth of good poetry at the time of its production. There is a power of consecutive thought displayed in Miss Dent's longest poem, a facility in interweaving connected periods, together with a graceful flow of melodious expression which whisper the hope to us that, with cultivation and care, we may yet hail her as another Hemans in elegance and tenderness, but with a far deeper tone of Christian sentiment. We cannot afford space to do the author justice by the analysis of her poem; therefore, leave it altogether untouched; but, as we quote one stanza, may we not indulge ourselves with the question—Is it not well done? Speaking of the Resurrection, Miss Dent says:—

"For, Saviour, like Thy form of light divine,
Then wilt Thou raise each lowly frame of ours;
Thenceforth our life be calm and blest as Thine,
Pure all our passions, perfect all our powers:
Sorrow and sighing, like the sun-chas'd showers
In arch'd rainbows vanishing, shall flee;
Unlike our present trust, the rock-built towers,
In which our spirits rest, shall never be

Washed by assaulting waves.—There shall be no more sea."

The close of this stanza exhibits a very uncommon, but, also, a very ingenious turn. Take the volume as a whole, we are charmed with the purest piety, a more than ordinary reflectiveness, and the most tender sensibility under the government of good sense and true religion. We quote, for a particular purpose, three vigorous verses by a sister, as we presume, of the author. They are called, "Flowers from Dr. Arnold's 'dear old Bagleywood,'"—
—"All things come of Thee."

"We bless Thee for the men, O God,
Of mighty heart and thought;
Thy chosen warriors who with ill
In conflict stern have fought.

"We bless Thee for the cleared eye,
And for the steadfast hand,
The quickened ear, the foot that dared,
Truth's yet unconquer'd land.

"And for the lowly love we bless
That bowed the great in heart,
And bade them in all *human* things
To bear a brother's part."

We ourselves bear our part in this symphony of benediction, and are thankful that such a man as Dr. Arnold was sent down into our world,—a medicinal tree to heal the bitter waters of human society. But our regard, however fervent, for Dr. Arnold must not induce us to overlook the merit of other worthies of as high a class as himself, although of a different one. We honestly think that John Foster had finer natural powers, and that had fortune smiled on his birth, and given him early culture, and social position, and an outlet for his affections, he might have surpassed Arnold in the development of the graces and the sensibilities, as he does in close and various thought. We say not this that we like Arnold less, but that we love Foster more. The greatness of Foster was his own; his morbid gloom the growth of circumstances. Miss Dent, we are happy to say, has admiration for both, and has admitted the great essayist into the Valhalla of her esteem, no less than the most genial of scholars and Christians.

A NEW METRICAL TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS — Accentuated for Chanting :
An attempt to preserve, as far as possible, the leading characteristics of the original, in the language of the English Bible. London : Bagsters. 1858.

THE Messrs. Bagster are so entirely beyond the reach of competition in the publication of the texts of Holy Scripture, that we are as sorry as reviewers—a hard-souled race—can be, when these distinguished printers seem to desert their most successful and appropriate department of operation for any other. The volume before us brings no anodyne to our regret, although its intention is devout, and its versification respectable. The design is erroneous, and no execution of it, however perfect, could atone for the original mistake. A poetical translation of a poetical original must not aim at retaining the forms of expression existing in the translated work, but be a transfusion of its spirit and ideas into the new tongue. Hence no rhyming versions of the Psalms, with which we are acquainted, come at all up to the vigorous and striking original, except those which most widely depart from it, and merely take their inspiration from its poetry. Professor Lee, of Cambridge, evidently shared with us our opinion when he urged upon the author to whom we now address ourselves, the necessity that "the spirit of the original should be maintained above every other consideration." This is precisely the point in which our author fails. A literal rendering in rhyme is incompatible with the poetic spirit. There may be decent carpentering, but no unpremeditated grace. Anything much

more prosaic than the paraphrase of the following it were difficult to meet, except in the other psalms in the same volume: Psalm I.—

“What endless blessings are for him prepared,
Who never hath in evil counsels shared :
Who enters not the haunts where sinners meet,
Nor sits, presumptuous, in the sinner's seat ;
But in Jehovah's statutes takes delight,
And meditates therein both day and night.”

No critic would hesitate to say that this is the dead opposite of the author's description of the lyric poetry of the Hebrews—“a succession of coruscations, flashes of light, peals of thunder.” It is simply a very prosaic version, in lines of predetermined length and assonance, of the Jewish Psalms in a Jewish sense. Dr. Watts, alone of English versifiers, has caught the true idea and Parnassian *afflatus*. But nothing comes up to the Elizabethan prose. Of that delicious English we think with Swift: “No translation will come up to the Old and New Testament; and I am persuaded that the translators of the Bible were masters of an English style much fitter for that work, than any we see in our present writings, the which is owing to the simplicity that runs through the whole.” This is the truest thing Swift ever wrote.

THE CHURCH PSALTER AND HYMN-BOOK: Comprising the Psalter, or Psalms of David; together with the Canticles, pointed for chanting; 506 Metrical Hymns, and Six Responses to the Commandments; the whole united to appropriate Chants and Tunes. By the Rev. William Mercer, M.A., Incumbent of St. George's, Sheffield; assisted by John Goss, Esq., Composer to Her Majesty's Chapels-Royal. London. Nisbet & Co.

THIS is a Church book; but contains most of our favourite hymns and standard tunes, scientifically arranged and cheaply printed in a handy volume. We know no better.

THE LIFE OF JOHN BANIM, the Irish Novelist; Author of “Damon and Pythias,” &c., and one of the writers of “Tales by the O'Hara Family.” With Extracts from his Correspondence, General and Literary. By Patrick Joseph Murray. Pp. 334. London: William Lay. 1857.

THE biography of literary men has an obvious moral, as well as an entertaining interest—is medicinal to the soul no less than racy to the palate. It has all the qualities of an earthly good, as enumerated by a tottering Eve, whose judgment continued strong all the while that her will proved weak: it is “pleasant to the eyes and good for food, and much to be desired to make one wise.” Studied in a proper spirit, literary biography is a school of consummate wisdom—a Socratic lyceum; the faults and failures being as monitory as the virtues are attractive. We condemn while we pity, a Savage, a Burns, a Maginn, a Coleridge, or a modern Opium-Eater, and shun the indulgences which turned their glory into shame. The loathing is salutary—a moral nauseate—wherewith we learn to regard

“The midnight round of noise and wine,
That vexed the ear of night,”

on the part of those votaries of genius who have dragged their laurels in the mire, and brought the Muses into fellowship with the most debased and brutal of mankind. Genius abuses its privilege when it makes its endowments an apology for sin; when it takes its celestial fires to light the lamps of orgies that shun the day. Such an incongruous combination gives its sting to the queries: "What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?" The man of letters totally mistakes his mission who shows himself either as the slave or the pander of licentiousness; but the infamy of either is perhaps the most effectual antidote to the evil. The poison is neutralized by the very hand which tenders the insidious cup. The life of Banim has no such painful moral, but was as pure in its tone as in its purpose it was lofty. Its interest is the unfailing interest of the worker in the region of literature—the interest of capacity and inventive talent allied to poverty and disease, which are the too frequent companions of the brothers of the quill. Johnson, the great Johnson, felt the gripe of both during the dreary years in which he was elaborating that dictionary, which overwhelmed the patronizing Chesterfield with its indignant scorn of his lordly countenance; the genial Goldie felt it, and slaved to death to meet pressing claims,—a life that were cheaply purchased by a crown. Otway and Chatterton starved, Stowe and Churchyard beggars, Kirke White and Keats wasted into early graves,—bespeak the pressure of the same woes, and proclaim the ill-requited merits of the sons of song. There is a charm about the biographies which record these and other vicissitudes of literary men, that makes the memoirs which describe their privations and their toils among the most coveted volumes that crowd our shelves. Where is the student of books who does not share in Johnson's passion for literary biography and history? Or, again, who does not find in the issues of Dibdin's pen the justification of Dibdin's bibliomania? Bayle and the "Biographie Universelle," Dibdin and Disraeli, Nicholls and the interminable French *Ana*, form a banquet of delightful fare which rivals to the studious palate the nectar and ambrosia of the gods. The memoir of the Irish novelist may not possess an interest of so vivid a nature, but it cannot fail to please those who have read his fictions to know amid what circumstances of privation and sorrow those remarkable tales were produced. Born in Kilkenny, of parents in humble circumstances, John Banim early exhibited a taste for literature and the arts. After a passably good education, he became a student of painting in the Royal Dublin Society, but ere long forsook the frescoes of Poecile for the haunts of the Muses. He proceeded to London, with a tragedy in his portmanteau, when he was twenty-four years of age, succeeded in getting it on the stage, but shortly found in the walk of prose fiction the true bent of his genius. "The Tales of the O'Hara Family," for powerful description and most melting pathos, are almost without a rival, while their incidents, it must be owned, partake of the romantic and the melodramatic. But the successful author was struck down by mysterious

disease at the very entrance of his career, and from 1824 to 1842, the year of his decease, he laboured under an incapacity of locomotion, and underwent all the agonies of bodily pain, aggravated by destitution. The brave heart and the trusting soul never forsook him; but faith and patience were sorely tried on the part of this distinguished Irishman. The sorrows of his last days were mitigated by a literary pension from government,—a boon never more deservedly bestowed. The tale of this paralytic author struggling for eighteen years against the mastery of disease and the assault of poverty, which came upon him like an armed man, cannot fail to breathe a spirit of contentment over souls that have been less severely tried, and bid the weary, with fresh vigour,—

“Take up their pilgrim-staff, and wend their way.”

MUSINGS OF A PILGRIM AT JACOB'S WELL. Pp. 103. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1857.

THIS little book is the production of a devout and highly cultivated mind; it contains admirable sentiments, expressed with force and elegance; and we hope that its pious meditations, and its earnest statements of the power of true goodness, and of the blessedness of a holy life, may be read by many who, unhappily, have the refined intellect without the faithful, lowly heart. We commend this excellent book to educated persons of all classes, in whom it cannot but produce the happiest results, “if pondered fittingly.”

INVOCATION OF SAINTS: the Doctrine and Practice of the Church of Rome. A Lecture delivered at the Literary Institution, Gravesend. By Charles Hastings Collette. London: Wertheim & Macintosh. 1857. Pp. 88.

WE can scarcely tell whether we feel more sorrow or indignation at the excesses of saint-worship, into which Romanism and the more zealous sort of Romanists seem now-a-days falling. No extreme or absurdity of superstition appears to be beyond the reach of the mind that has once forsaken the chart of Holy Scripture, and yielded itself to the guidance of men whose interests lie in the plane of deception, on the one hand, and of credulity on the other. “The glories of St. Joseph” are a shocking specimen of the impiety of over-belief, which is ever adding fresh articles to its creed, and developing into monstrous forms of spiritual disloyalty, that aim at dethroning the God of heaven, and installing a mob of creatures in His place. Page 25 of that work, published in Dublin, 1843, by the Popish bookseller, Grace, of Capel Street, says: “That if the first rank and monarchy in heaven is that of the *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*, so the second is that of *Jesus, Mary, and Joseph*; and that all other saints are of a lower rank, and of a different hierarchy.” In harmony with such a definition of the grade of this minor Trinity is the petition in which their names are conjoined:—

“Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I offer you my heart and soul !

“Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, assist me in my last agony !

“Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, may I expire in peace with you !”

Much more of the same kind of stuff is gathered out of Popish manuals of devotion and doctrine, by the zeal and industry of Mr. Collette. His tractate is a timely and able exposure of a growing evil, and has our hearty recommendation.

CHRISTIANITY WITHOUT JUDAISM. A Second Series of Essays; including the Substance of Sermons delivered in London and other places. By the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., F.G.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford. London: Longmans. 1857.

THIS book is written in the author's well-known clever style. Had we space we should have been glad to have noticed the views here propounded of the relations—or, more strictly, of the non-relations—of Christianity to Judaism. But as the discussion would involve almost all the controversies between orthodox Christianity and Rationalism, we must content ourselves with expressing our dissent from most of the *dicta* of the Rev. Baden Powell. For the sake of our readers, however, we will just state that the main object of the book is to show that the observance of the Lord's day is merely an excrescence from Judaism—that the Biblical account of the Creation and geological facts are totally irreconcilable, and that inspiration admits of discrepancies, contradictions, and the like!

But we must protest against the arrogant way in which the author treats his opponents. In the appendix, speaking of the posthumous work of the lamented Hugh Miller, the "Testimony of the Rocks," he says the speculations therein "are the very ghost of defunct Biblical theology;" and of Hugh Miller himself, that he was "a greatly over-rated man," and "that the early prepossessions of a dark and narrow Judaical theology fettered all philosophical ideas, [?] and led him to a corresponding narrow estimate of the higher bearings of science."

This is one way, certainly, of defeating an opponent. It is as if we were to say—"The Rev. Baden Powell is a greatly over-rated man, and biassed by his rationalistic views, &c., and, therefore, not much value is to be attached to his writings!" Contrast with the above language a note by Hugh Miller, in his last work, upon the "Author of Christianity without Judaism" (p. 381), and let the reader decide which manifests the better spirit. If Mr. Powell desires that others should share in the benefit of his advanced and enlightened ideas (as he seems to imagine them), he will not gain his point by scorning those who may be as learned, and, perhaps, far more devout than himself.

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES EXPLAINED. By Joseph Addison Alexander, D.D., Professor in the Princeton Theological Seminary. 2 vols. London: Jas. Nisbet & Co.

POSTERITY will not charge us with inattention to the exegesis of the Sacred Scriptures, for scarcely a month passes without seeing some valuable additions to our expository literature. But although commentaries abound, they have hitherto been chiefly philological and devotional—leaving the wide territory between those two depart-

ments for the most part unoccupied. And hence it is that we welcome with peculiar pleasure the volumes before us—the author of which tells us that “after the first chapter was in type he was induced to recommence the work upon a new plan, in the hope of making it more generally useful by the reduction of its size, and the omission of all matter supposed to be interesting only to professional or educated readers.”

And well has Dr. Alexander succeeded in his design; for he has given us a commentary which will enable unlearned readers to understand the meaning of the original, or, in his own words, to stand “on nearly the same footing with the student of the Greek text.” At the same time he has secured the latest results and elucidations of criticism, and has produced an extremely lucid, faithful, and judicious exposition of this important portion of the sacred volume.

THE PROPER NAMES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT SCRIPTURES, Expounded and Illustrated. By the Rev. Alfred Jones, Theolog. Associate, King's College, London. London: Bagster & Sons.

So deeply were we impressed with the importance of an *Onomasticon*, such as the present work furnishes, and so well were we satisfied with its execution by Mr. Jones, that we had for some time intended to give a full review of it. But the state of our columns obliges us to confine our remarks within the space assigned to a “Brief Notice.” The number of proper names in the Old Testament amounts to 3,600, which, from the circumstance that various individuals or places bore the same name, cover not less than about 16,500 persons or places. In all languages, but especially in those of the East, the *name* was in many cases the definition, the explanation, or the summary of facts and events. Properly to understand these historical hieroglyphics, implies an equal knowledge of the circumstances and the modes of thinking current at every period. An interesting illustration of this is furnished, among others, also by the change, which in seasons of spiritual degeneracy came over the ancient names. Thus in Joshua xix. 50., that leader calls his own city *Timnath-serah*, or “portion of abundance,” while the succeeding and idolatrous generation transform it (Judges ii. 9.) into *Timnath-heres*, or “portion of the Sun.” We will not go so far as with Redshob (die alttest. Namen, &c.), to attempt constructing a complete Jewish history from an examination of these names, but we certainly attach great value to a right understanding of them.

Of previous writers in this branch of exegetical study, the names of Eusebius and Jerome are familiar to the reader. Not so, perhaps, those of J. Simonis and Matth. Hillerus. These comprise the list of former authorities. Mr. Jones has had the advantage of modern critical investigations to lighten and to guide his inquiries. We are glad to add that he has now not only supplied a *desideratum*, the want of which we have long felt, but done so in a most scholar-like and satisfactory manner. The plan of the work is simple and effectual, rendering the book of almost equal utility to the professional and the general student—to those who are initiated in the mysteries

of Hebrew, and to those who only know their English Bibles. The names are alphabetically arranged, but according to the *English* not the *Hebrew* Alphabet. The English proper name is followed first by its Hebrew, then by its Greek equivalent. Its grammatical derivation and its meaning are next ascertained, and the varying opinions of critics stated. Then a short explanation of the origin of the name is added, and the whole concludes by an enumeration of all the passages in which the word occurs.

We have said sufficient to indicate the high value we attach to this Dictionary, which, so far as we have examined it, has answered all our demands. Nor can the reader fail to gather that in our opinion, and so far as we are warranted in prescribing to him, Mr. Jones's Onomasticon should be found on the study-table of every exegetical or critical student of the Old Testament.

LITHOGRAPHS REPRESENTING PHOTOGRAPHS OF "THE CHURCH OF THE FIRST-BORN," as uncovered by "the Sun of Righteousness." By Henry Lilly Smith, Surgeon.

BOTH within and without, this book is as remarkable as the title is odd. It is written both within and on the back, and sealed with seven red seals, so that it cannot fail to attract attention should the eye fall on it; but whether it be calculated to detain that attention is a question. There are strange pictures in it, perhaps somewhat out of drawing, supposed to represent the symbolic visions so sublimely reduced to living language by the divine Seer of Patmos. To each lithographed vision we have a red seal attached, and a kind of exposition in keeping with the picture. As we are not quite certain that we understand what we have read, and therefore can scarcely be prepared to pass a critical judgment on the ideas of the author, it will be but just that he should be allowed to speak for himself. He thus answers the objection that such a pursuit is foreign to that in which, as a medical man, he ought to be engaged:—"Inquiry into vital statistics brought me to look into the fifth and tenth chapters of Genesis—the proportionate effect that pride, lust, idolatry, and unbelief had in shortening life, could be only discovered by those who had made a successful study of the fifth and tenth chapters; *but even more than this*, the study of these chapters unmistakeably shows the successive order in which the souls of the first-born had returned to their source, and took their allotted station in heaven, and which of them represented principles, which ministers, which angels, which the elders, and the whole triumphant hierarchy of the Father's kingdom, but which cannot be understood till the seals are known, for opened they were, but not comprehended, even by the wisest and the best." The italics are all the author's. Doubtless any man, medical or not, is fully entitled to make any discoveries of truth which his Maker has given him the mind to make; and if Mr. Smith has been so successful a student of Genesis as to discover all he has thus announced, there can be no doubt that we are greatly indebted to him for the publication. He states that he calls the signs described by St. John in the fourth chapter of Revelations "photographs" because they are pictures of

transactions visible. He thinks they were "inferentially described by Moses, and as their essential characteristics are ever the same, they are to be found in the Prophets, and the Psalms, and the Gospels, whenever the Church is spoken of." "The cover by which this publication is bound represents the book that John saw—a book written within and on the back side, sealed with seven seals." We desire to write reverentially of a work so evidently the production of an earnest, devout, and large-hearted man. There has been great expense of time and money bestowed on the getting up of the work, which will probably be wasted on the public, since but very few can be prepared to purchase such lithographed photographs, and fewer still to follow the author in his generous studies. After examining the startling "lithographs," we ask ourselves whether the visions of the heavenly apocalypse were intended to be pictured; for we cannot imagine a genius capable of appropriately depicting the souls under the altar, the silence in heaven, and the seven angels standing before God, to say nothing of Death and Hell, all of which are lithographed by our author in a style worthy of Quarles's Emblems, or Bunyan's Allegory. The visions appear to us as figures of speech, addressed rather to the insight of the spirit than to the outward eye, calling into exercise that faculty of the soul by which it beholds things invisible, and obtains a succession of conceptions, according to its own enlightenment in spiritual truth, and which neither form nor colour can represent, and which even the best discourse of reason would fail adequately to convey. Each mind must behold its own vision according to its capacity, that is to say, the degree of its growth and vigour in true knowledge and understanding. We admire Mr. Smith's exposition, as far as we understand it. There is an entire absence of reasoning on the matter, and yet it is all very practical, since it all comes to "self-supporting dispensaries," and "temporal redemption societies," and pushing up the educated and sober. We agree with him that the safety of society depends on good education and sobriety; but we also think that the properly educated and sober-minded will need no pushing, for they will rise upwards by the very necessities of society and of their own accord. We hope Mr. Smith's energy, devotion, and benevolence will be rewarded by seeing society regenerated as he desires and expects through the instrumentality of those self-supporting institutions which he has advocated and advanced with such a chronic determination. Yet we fear that he will still have to maintain "a warfare with charity-mongers." He asserts a sound principle, and if he can obtain what he seeks—the co-operation of medical men in general, in carrying out his views as to self-supporting institutions for the poor—he will go far to accomplish what he aims at—"the foundation of a happy kingdom." With regard to his views of the Revelations, the singular volume before us being only introductory, and withal too original to be quite clear, we are incapable of forming a judgment, especially as all the real explanation is to appear in publications at present only promised on condition of encouragement, which may not be afforded.

THE WORDS OF THE LORD JESUS. By R. Stier. Translated from the German by the Rev. W. B. Pope and Rev. John Fulton. Vols. II.—VI. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1857.

COMMENTARY ON KINGS AND CHRONICLES. By Kiel and Bertheau. Translated by James Murphy, LL.D., and James Martin, B.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1857.

THAT all German theology is radically bad needs no other refutation than the translation of the work of Rudolf Stier. It is emphatically a book that needs no commendation; and this must be our apology for having allowed it to lie so long upon our table unnoticed. For orthodoxy, spirituality of sentiment, and deep reverence of spirit, we believe it to be unmatched in the wide range of theological literature. Moreover, it is with great pleasure we find more justice done to the work in the translation than has always been the case. The translators seem to have borne in mind—a thing not always done—that they were translating for English readers, and hence those unacquainted with German are not puzzled by those strange, tortuous, involuted sentences which seem so to delight our German friends, and sometimes our English translators. The Commentary on Kings and Chronicles is a valuable contribution to the elucidation of those books; and of the translation of this—especially of the portion by the Rev. James Martin—we can speak in still higher terms of praise. There can be but one opinion as to the service the Messrs. Clark are rendering to our expository literature. And it is because we feel this, that we are induced once again to ask them why they do not furnish *indices* to their Theological Library? It would involve an amount of labour to compile them, but little in comparison with the increased value it would add to their books.

THE PENALTIES OF GREATNESS. By the Rev. Robert Ferguson, LL.D., F.R.S.L., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c., &c. London: Ward & Co.

THE title of this book hardly gives a fair idea of its contents. The book commences with a chapter on the "relation of the great man to humanity;" and this is followed by another, on "penalties inseparable from greatness," and the rest of the volume contains sketches of the lives of great men—commencing with Moses and ending with Oliver Cromwell—intended, we suppose, to illustrate the positions laid down in the second chapter.

We confess to some sort of disappointment after reading this volume. It left the impression upon us that the book was *made*, not *thought*. For instance, in chap. 2, where we looked especially for the exposition of the principle of the book, we found it made up of extracts—one third of the chapter consisting of such—from various sources. And this is the case, more or less, throughout, giving one the idea of lectures prepared for delivery before an audience. Indeed, the author tells us that the subject was suggested to him for a lecture, but he adds that his conception gave birth to a goodly volume. It might have given birth to volumes from the author's principle of construction, for it would not be difficult to select a host of other names on which to expatiate.

We are bound to add that the book is eloquently written; perhaps in rather too much of the oratorical style. The author is apt, sometimes, to repeat himself. Thus (page 14) we have, speaking of the great man, "There must be no faltering in his words—no hesitation in his movements;" a sentence found almost word for word in pages 8 and 33.

But we have no doubt that the book will be welcomely received and widely read, for it is essentially a popular book. As lectures we should have thought them brilliant: but as they are not, we think the volume is deficient in the higher order and dignity of composition.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS. By Mrs. Agar. London: Newby.

Mrs. AGAR was judicious in the choice of her subject, for no theme could be more happily adapted to her especial characteristics of style and tone than that of the heart-stirring chronicle of the Crusades. Her power of rapid narration, enabling her to detail in effective succession a multiplicity of military incidents, adds zest to the record of the unsurpassed perils, toils, and triumphs, of the Warriors of the Cross, and combined with the ease and rare simplicity which is the grace of her diction, lures the reader on with delight through a series of battle scenes, campaigns, and sieges, which a less able treatment would probably have rendered tedious. The charm of enthusiasm imparted by an elevated conception of the heroic story is apparent in every page, and a flush of the glow of devotional fervour felt by the Christian pilgrims, seems caught by Mrs. Agar when depicting their labours, their sufferings, and the glory of their victories or martyrdom. There are few, indeed, who would not derive both pleasure and enlightenment from the perusal of this excellent little volume, which, though unpretending in its dimensions, is worthy of the highest praise, enriched as it is by the product of varied reading, and really valuable research. Placed in the hands of the young, or introduced into schools, it would assuredly be read with no less profit than entertainment, as not a line is sullied by departure from the strictest purity of taste. The tale of chivalry, from its conception in the mind of the Picardy recluse, to its adoption by monarchs and multitudes, sweeps on through strange vicissitudes, impressive situations, and touching incidents, to its close, made glorious by conquest. Achievements of valour were commemorated in traditions to the honour of the heroes of the matchless epic, which haunted the exquisite localities favoured by the Templars and the Knights of St. John, when, in the full tide of their prosperity, they sought repose amidst the verdurous elevations of Rhodes. Interspersed with the exploits of Paladins, are charming descriptive passages concerning the queenly cities of the East—Antioch, Acre—and of the grottoes, seclusions, and cedar groves of Lebanon, blessing the sight of the wanderers, weary with sojourn amidst the arid plains of Phrygia.

THE SAINT AND HIS SAVIOUR; or, the Progress of the Soul in the Knowledge of Jesus. By the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. London: A. Hall, Virtue, & Co. 1857.

It must be a matter of surprise that Mr. Spurgeon, with his manifold engagements, should have found time to have written a book. And, according to his own statement, he found it no easy task; for he says, "Never was a book written amid more incessant toil." And speaking again of the drudgery of composition, he says, "Well may a man's books be called his works; for if every mind were constituted as mine, it would be work, indeed, to produce a quarto volume." But we cannot discover any trace of this severe effort; for his style is extremely natural and free from elaboration, though, as might be expected, of a higher order than found in his spoken addresses. The contents of the book are sufficiently indicated by its title, and consist of twelve chapters, otherwise, sermons, upon the progressive experience of the child of God. And we have no doubt that the book will be highly valued; for all the excellences which have obtained for Mr. Spurgeon such a deserved popularity, will be found in its pages, while there is an entire absence of everything that would offend even the most fastidious.

OUR HOME ISLANDS: THEIR NATURAL FEATURES. London: Religious Tract Society. 1858.

THIS is an excellent geographical sketch of the British Isles. But it is something more. It gives a pleasing and satisfactory account of the climate, meteorological phenomena, and natural history, of our country. The facts are carefully selected, the descriptions are written with vigour and picturesque variety, and the Christian spirit pervades the whole. We recommend the book as one of interest and instruction to be added to every school and home library.

MORNING THOUGHTS: July to December. By Rev. Octavius Winslow, D.D. London: J. F. Shaw.

ONE of the best of Dr. Winslow's numerous books. Very many Christian people will find these daily readings very profitable.

HIDDEN LIFE: Memorials of John Whitmore Winslow, of Trinity College, Dublin. By his father, Rev. Octavius Winslow, D.D.

WHITMORE WINSLOW was a young man of considerable powers, and a most loveable spirit; a son of whom any father might well be proud. Had he lived, we cannot doubt that he would have become a man of some mark, and done something to leave the world better than he found it. His death by drowning will be in the remembrance of many of our readers. His father, broken-hearted by the bereavement, has found some consolation in collecting and arranging the written remains of his son, and has worked them up into a memoir, which no wise man will read without profit, and no good man without the tenderest sympathy for the writer, and the warmest admiration for him, the memory of whose excellencies it is intended to perpetuate.

Monthly Review of Public Events.

PARLIAMENT reassembled on the 4th of February: and could the illustrious statesmen of former times, whose genius, eloquence, and patriotism have shed imperishable glory on the history of the English nation, be recalled from the mysterious world into which they have vanished, they would find adequate employment for all their transcendent powers, in those great and perplexing questions which are now tasking the energies of their successors. Our friendly relations with the greatest of European states are in jeopardy; we are reconstructing the government of the noblest dependency of the crown; we are about to revise and modify our own ancient constitution. Most devoutly do we pray that the wisdom, courage, and honesty of our rulers may be equal to the grandeur and difficulty of their duties!

Last month we expressed our earnest abhorrence of the cowardly attempt on the life of the Emperor of the French, and our intense satisfaction at its failure. We have this month to record that LOUIS NAPOLEON has lost a golden opportunity for conferring the highest benefits on his country, and honourably strengthening his own power. Had he met the dastardly and unsuccessful conspiracy of a few Italian democrats, with practical demonstrations of magnanimous confidence in the loyalty of his people, the indignation of France and Europe against the authors of the crime, might have settled into a permanent increase of respect both for his character and government. While the entire French nation were execrating the dark deed of the assassins, and hailing the Emperor's escape with tumultuous expressions of enthusiastic sympathy and delight, it would have been equally politic and graceful to relax the severity of repressive laws, and to promise that very soon the fettered genius of France should go free. But the spontaneous and hearty congratulations of a generous people were met with icy reserve and repulsive sternness, and with threats that the stringent regulations which had already impaired the liberty of religious worship, and almost destroyed the press, should be made more stringent still. These threats he has hastened to fulfil.

Lord PALMERSTON has blundered still more flagrantly than NAPOLEON, simply because, as the minister of a free people, he occupied a far higher position than any despot on the earth's surface; in the one we have consistency, though in evil, in the other inconsistency and consequent degradation. It is true that a paltry apology has been made by the Government of France for the publication in the *Moniteur* of the insane addresses of the French Colonels; but the insolence of Count WALEWSKI's despatch is yet unatoned for. Lord PALMERSTON seems to have forgotten that he owed his popularity and power to the generous belief of the English people, that it was his pride not less than his duty to maintain the glorious traditions of his country; they now find, with mingled emotions of amazement and contempt, that he could not only

allow the despatch of the French minister to pass unrebuked, but can permit a foreign potentate to dictate the principles and the objects of British legislation. The majority of 255 to 200, which carried the first reading of the Conspiracy Bill, will long be remembered with shame by high-minded Englishmen.*

We rejoice, however, that the reproach incurred by the triumph of the Ministry, on the first reading of the ill-timed Bill, has since been amply atoned for. Never did a Government, professing liberal principles, occupy a more ignominious position than that in which Lord PALMERSTON and his colleagues were placed by the success of Mr. MILNER GIBSON's amendment on the motion for the second reading. It was evident before the debate closed that his Lordship feared the worst; his usual good temper and *nonchalance* forsook him, and his reply before the division was the bluster of an angry and disappointed man. England and Europe owe a heavy debt of gratitude to Mr. GIBSON for his admirably-worded amendment, and for the good sense, moderation, firmness, and power, with which he supported it. Mr. GLADSTONE's speech was worthy of a great English statesman and orator. It was high time that the country should be warned against the regressive policy which has characterized of late the administration of our foreign affairs. The right honourable gentleman's noble peroration deserves to be deeply pondered by all the friends of freedom. "These times," said he, "are grave for liberty. We believe that we are advancing; but can any man of observation, who has watched the events of the last few years in Europe, have failed to observe that there is a movement indeed, but a downward and backward movement? There are a few spots in which institutions that claim our sympathy still exist and flourish. They are secondary places, nay, they are almost the holes and corners of Europe, so far as mere material greatness is concerned, although their moral greatness will, I trust, ensure them long prosperity and happiness. But in these times more than ever does responsibility centre upon England, and if it does centre upon England, upon her principles, upon her laws, and upon her governors; then I say that a measure passed by the House of Commons—the chief hope of freedom—which attempts to establish a moral complicity between us and those who seek safety in repressive measures, will be a blow and a discouragement to that sacred cause in every country in the world."

Equally noble were the prophetic words addressed by M. EMILE OLLIVIER to the Imperial Government in the Corps Legislatif, on the 19th of February, in which he reminded them of the enormous strength of the army, the perfection of the military resources, and the ability of the police, by which the throne of the Emperor was protected; that in order to stifle all criticism adverse to the Government, and imperilling its power, the Liberty of the Press had been

* In our Quarterly Review of German Literature (p. 269) there is a curious account of the spirit in which Napoleon *le Grand* exhorted Hamburg not to yield to the demand of the British authorities, in 1799, for the extradition of Irish refugees, who had been compelled to flee from their own country, through having supported the French landing on the coast of Ireland.

completely annihilated; and yet repressive measures were now demanded of still greater stringency. "Do you not fear," said he "that the country may say, 'I have sacrificed to you my liberty, my franchise, my traditions, the conquests of my blood, all that made me glorious among the nations, for the sake of a little tranquillity, and you now ask for more—*where will you stop?*'"

The Emperor may congratulate himself that these heroic words will not fly through France on the swift wings of an unfettered Press; but, nevertheless, their echo will be heard in all places where patriots assemble, and will help to swell the torrent of that righteous indignation by which, sooner or later, if he does not pause in time, he and his stern policy will be swept away together.

On the day after his defeat, Lord PALMERSTON placed his resignation in the hands of Her Majesty, who accepted it, and immediately sent for Lord DERBY. At the moment we are writing, the ministerial crisis is still at its height; and all conjectures about its issue are necessarily very uncertain. We cannot but hope, however, that the fall of the Palmerstonian Ministry will be interpreted as a stern rebuke, administered by the honesty and spirit of the country, to the absence of manly loyalty to any political principles, by which the late Government was distinguished.

Sir J. TRELAWNY's Bill, for the Abolition of Church Rates, has passed the second reading with a majority of fifty-three, spite of Sir GEORGE GREY's attempt to divide the liberal party by the promise of a Government bill. The cool audacity with which the Premier had received the Church Rate deputation a few weeks before, and the insignificant compromise suggested by the Home Secretary, were ample reasons for relieving the Government of the disagreeable duty of fulfilling their formal pledge, by doing the work without them.

Every Indian mail brings brighter news than its predecessor. The mutiny is virtually over, and our struggle has now assumed the form of a regular war with a hostile state; by this time Sir COLIX and his lieutenants, who only fight to conquer, are concentrating their forces upon Oude.

On the 28th of December, Canton was "at the feet of the allies." We wonder what they will do with their prize. The Empire of China seems none the worse for the loss of a limb. We suspect nothing will be done till the Emperor himself hears the thunder and sees the bayonets of the barbarians.

The India Bill was read the first time on the 18th, and the Ministry had a majority of 145 in a house of nearly 500 members. The debate, in which Mr. WHITESIDE, Sir BULWER LYTTON, and Colonel SYKES greatly distinguished themselves on the one side, and the PREMIER himself, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, and Mr. LOWE, on the other, turned on the two distinct questions: first, whether there was any need for legislation at all; secondly, whether this was the time to legislate. We intend to deal with this great subject at length in our next.

The provinces are beginning to bestir themselves about Reform:

the movement will probably be based on the Guildhall Coffee-house Manifesto. Upon the sincerity of Lord PALMERSTON'S pledge it is now useless to speculate.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON has succeeded in getting a Commission of Inquiry into the condition of Popular Education. The debate was dull, and we cannot anticipate that the inquiry will be productive of much good.

A far more important educational movement has been initiated by the University of Oxford. Our middle-class schools are proverbially bad and dear. Very few parents are competent to judge of the qualifications of a schoolmaster, and the impostor who is diligent and unscrupulous in puffing the merits of his establishment is tolerably sure to succeed spite of the most culpable and shameful ignorance. The university proposes to examine lads in the subjects which every young Englishman is expected to study, and to grant certificates to those who pass the first examination, and the degree of A.A. to those who pass the second. Manchester and Birmingham, and other large towns, will be made local centres for the working out of the scheme; and there is every reason to believe that though the details of the plan are obvious to hostile criticism, its originators, the Rev. F. TEMPLE and Mr. ACLAND, have brought an important stimulus to bear on middle-class education.

Those of our readers who do not happen to have seen Mr. HORSMAN'S address to his constituents at Nailsworth, ought to be informed that that honourable gentleman resigned the lucrative appointment of Chief-Secretaryship for Ireland, because there was too little work, too much pay, and because it involved a partial sacrifice of his political independence. The country will not forget this noble act.

Books Received.

- A Child's Walk through the Year. 32 pp. Jackson & Walford.
 All about it: History and Mystery of Common Things. 258 pp. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.
 Angus's (Dr.) Wayland's Elements of Moral Science. 469 pp. Religious Tract Society.
 Anti-Slavery Advocate, for January and February. Wm. Tweedie.
 Arnold's (Matthew) *Meropis*: a Tragedy. 128 pp. Longmans.
 Arthur's (Wm. A.M.) *The Successful Merchant*. 253 pp. 17th edit. Hamilton & Co.
 Atlantic Monthly Magazine. Nos. III. and IV. Trübner & Co.
 Baird's *Cyclopædia of Natural Sciences*. 614 pp. Richard Griffin & Co.
 Ball's (Rchd.) *Perpetuity of a Seventh-day Ordinance*. 92 pp. Judd & Glass.
 Baptist Magazine, for January and February. Pewtress & Co.
 Bibliotheca Sacra, and Biblical Repository, for January. Trübner & Co.
 Bode's (Rev. J. E., M.A.) *Short Occasional Poems*. 74 pp. Longmans.
 British Quarterly Review. No. LIII. Jackson & Walford.
 Brough's (Jane) *Common Things regarding the Bringing up of our Girls*. 84 pp. Wertheim.
 Brough's (Jane) *How to Make the Sabbath a Delight*. 66 pp. Wertheim.
 Brown's (Samuel) *Lectures and Essays*. 2 vols., 357, 384 pp. Constable & Co.
 Bruce's (Rev. John) *Sympathy, or the Mourner Advised and Comforted*. 256 pp. Hamilton & Co.
 Campbell's (Rev. Wm.) *British India*. 596 pp. Jno. Snow.
 Cassell's Family Paper. Part I., New Series, January. Kent & Co.
 Coleman's (Thos.) *Daniel and his Three Friends*. 245 pp. Judd & Glass.
 Commentary Wholly Biblical. Parts XV. and XVI. Samuel Bagster & Sons.
 Common Sense to Common Christianity. 31 pp. Wm. Wesley.
 Congregational Pulpit. Part XIII., January. Judd & Glass.
 Congregational Year-Book, 1858. Jackson & Walford.
 Cornwell's (Jas.) *Geography for Beginners*. 95 pp. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
 Calross's (Jas., A.M.) *Lazarus Revived*. 87 pp. J. Heaton & Son.
 Cumming's (Dr.) *Apocalyptic Sketches: Vol. I.—Things that were*. New edit., 552 pp. Virtue & Co.

- Currer Bell's *Villette*. New cheap edition, 478 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
 Dale's (Rev. R. W., M.A.) *Hope in Death: a Sermon*. 12 pp. Judd & Glass.
 Dawn and Twilight: a Tale. 2 vols., pp. 208, 543. J. H. & J. Parker.
 Early Payment of Wages: Practical Testimonies to Benefits. 19 pp. Early Closing Association, 35, Ludgate Hill.
 Eastwick's (Capt.) Speech at Special Court of E. I. Proprietors. 36 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
 Evangelical Christendom, for January and February. Office: 7, Adam Street, Strand.
 Ewing's (Rev. Greville) *Duty of Abstaining from Debt*. 59 pp. Jno. Snow.
 Fleming's (Dr.) *Attempt to Vindicate the Moral Government of the World*. 261 pp. T. & T. Clark.
 Gavazzi's (Alessandro) *Triumph of Tractarianism*. 147 pp. Partridge & Co.
 Geologist: a Popular Monthly Magazine of Geology. No. I. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
 Giffilan's (Geo.) *Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. Vol. I., 289 pp. Edinburgh: Jas. Nicholl.
 Gill's (Thos. H.) *Anniversaries: Commemoration Poems*. 193 pp. Macmillan & Co.
 Gregory's (Thos.) *Effusions of a Wandering Pen: Poems*. 208 pp. Partridge & Co.
 Grindon's (Leo H.) *Life: its Nature, Varieties, and Phenomena*. 2nd edit., 405 pp. Whittaker.
 Gurney's (Rev. J. H., M.A.) *God's Heroes and the World's Heroes*. 464 pp. Longmans.
 Hall's (Newman) *Hints on Preaching*. 34 pp. Jno. Snow.
 Hall's (Newman) *The Call of the Master*. 30 pp. Nisbet & Co.
 Heirs of the Farmstead: Life in Worst Districts of Yorkshire, 20 years ago. 320 pp. J. Heaton.
 Hislop's (Rev. Alex.) *The Two Babylons*. 478 pp. Edinburgh: Wm. Whyte & Co.
 Hood (Rev. E. Paxton) *Vision of Jesus in the Church through all Ages*. 12 pp. Judd & Glass.
 Howitt's (Wm.) *Boy's Adventures in the Wilds of Australia*. 247 pp. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
 Howson's (Rev. J. S., M.A.) *Sermons to Schoolboys*. 99 pp. Longmans.
 Hughes's (Thos.) *Mental Furniture: Adaptation of Knowledge for Man*. 170 pp. Hamilton & Co.
 Idolomania, or the Legalized Cross not the Instrument of Crucifixion. 60 pp. E. Wilson.
 India: its History, Religion, and Government. 85 pp. Jarrold & Sons.
 Japan Opened: from Narrative of American Expedition. 200 pp. Relig. Tract Soc.
 Jewish Chronicle. Nos. 159—167. Office: 7, Bevis Marks.
 Kelland's (Professor) *Transatlantic Sketches*. 77 pp. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.
 Kennedy's (Rev. Jas., M.A.) *Great Indian Mutiny*. 70 pp. Ward & Co.
 King's (J. W.) *Political and Poetical Memoir of James Montgomery*. 395 pp. Partridge & Co.
 Ladies' Treasury, for January and February. Ward & Lock.
 Lavenue's *Gaston Bligh*. 2 vols., 562 pp.
 Letters of a Betrothed. 208 pp. Longmans.
 Liberator, for January and February. Houlston & Wright.
 London University Magazine, for January and February. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
 Linton's (Henry, M.A.) *Paraphrase and Notes on St. Paul's Epistles*. 579 pp. Wertheim.
 Ludlow's (Jno.) *British India: its Races and its History*. 2 vols., 319, 390 pp. Macmillan & Co.
 Macaulay's (Lord) *History of England*. Vols. I. to IV., 455, 545 pp. Longmans.
 Macknight's *Life and Times of Edmund Burke*. Vols. I. and II. Chapman & Hall.
 Macpherson's (Rev. R.) *Sermon: "I would not live always."* 23 pp. Aylott & Co.
 Martineau (Harriet) *on the Future Government of India*. 154 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
 May's (E. J.) *Bertram Noel: a Story for Youth*. 409 pp. Marlborough & Co.
 Metrical Translation (A New) of the Psalms; Accented for Chanting. 346 pp. Bagster & Sons.
 Middleton's (Chas. S.) *Shelley, and his Writings*. 2 vols., 325, 358 pp. T. C. Newby.
 Millard's (Samuel) *Letter on Portland House Lunatic Asylum, Whitechurch, Herefordshire*. 59 pp.
 Mogridge's (Edward Chas.) *Poems*. 232 pp. Judd & Glass.
 Muir's *Life of Mahomet, and History of Islam*. 2 vols., 630 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
 Mull's (M.) *Descriptions, &c., of Holy Scriptures, from Milton's Prose Works*. 3 papers. Ward & Co.
 Muscutt's (E.) *Altar Sins: Hist. Illustrations of Eucharistic Errors of Rome*. 372 pp. Judd & Glass.
 Musings of a Pilgrim at Jacob's Well. 103 pp. Nisbet & Co.
 National Review. No. XI., January. Chapman & Hall.
 News of the Churches, for January and February. Edinburgh: Thos. Constable & Co.
 Owen's (Rev. Robt.) *Introduction to Study of Theology*. 496 pp. Joseph Masters.
 Partridge's (S. W.) *Voices from the Garden, or Christian Language of Flowers*. 38 pp. Partridge.
 Pratt's (Archdeacon) *Scripture and Science not at Variance*. 2nd edit., 98 pp. Hatchard.
 Prideaux's (Dr. H.) *Connexion of Old and New Testaments*. 2 vols., pp. 508, 632. W. Tegg & Co.
 Pupil-Teacher. Nos. IV. and V. Geo. J. Stevenson.
 Revival Advocate, and Record of the Churches. No. I., January. Wm. Horsell.
 Rogers's (Geo. A., M.A.) *Footprints of Jesus*. 120 pp. Wertheim & Co.
 School and Teacher. Nos. I. and II., New Series. Geo. J. Stevenson.
 Sheepfold and the Commons, or Within and Without. Vol. II., 583 pp., illustrations. Blackie & Son.
 Shorthouse's (J. P.) *Theology in Verse; and Rustic Lays*. 160 pp. Aylott & Co.
 Stars and the Angels, or Natural Hist. of the Universe and its Inhabitants. 370 pp. Hamilton & Co.
 Stewart's (Dugald) *Collected Works*. Vol. X. 338 pp. Constable & Co.
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